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PEACE OF VILLAFRANCA AND ITS RESULTS.

THE process of extracting historical conclusions from controversial State Papers may at first sight appear to resemble gold-washing, winnowing bushels of chaff, or any similar operation in which rejected rubbish bears a large proportion to the residuum of useful solidity. Disputes, however, like those which have been lately carried on between Austria and Prussia, derive a certain interest from the knowledge that the truth must lie somewhere, although both parties may do their utmost to bury it in a heap of conventional verbiage. An Indian police magistrate listening to a charge of assault, while he takes it for granted that all the witnesses on either side are perjured, nevertheless endeavours to conjecture the merits of a quarrel which has undoubtedly a real existence. After a careful study of the various despatches, and of the hazy explanations in the English Parliament, the share of the neutral Powers in the Peace of Villafranca ceases to be wholly unintelligible. No two Governments appear to have been acting in concert, although the wishes of the English Ministry generally coincided with the designs of the Emperor of the FRENCH. Prussia desired to involve England in the responsibility of a peremptory mediation, and Austria wished Prussia to act as the representative of Germany rather than as one of the Great Powers of Europe. The ingenious author of the whole disturbance, finding it expedient to escape from the commotion which he had excited, evidently saw that a commencement of negotiation would furnish an opportunity of profitable misunderstanding. Accordingly, Count WALEWSKI transmitted, through Lord JOHN RUSSELL, a project of pacification addressed to Austria; and the Emperor NAPOLEON favoured his adversary with the confidential information that a scheme of which none of the neutral Powers had approved was the result of their joint deliberations. In almost the only sentence of the correspondence which could have been written by a sensible man discussing private transactions, Baron SCHLEINITZ "regards it as a proceeding "foreign to customary relations in time of war, that one of "the belligerent parties should allow itself to be informed "by the other, its adversary, as to the disposition of neutral "Powers." After the interview of Valeggio, future negotiators will scarcely be induced to place additional confidence in the chivalrous candour of hostile Emperors. As Baron SCHLEINITZ suggests, there was at least sufficient reason for inquiring at Berlin whether the rumour of a joint mediation was well founded, and whether the terms were correctly stated.

The published correspondence confirms the impression that Lord JOHN RUSSELL's despatch to Lord BLOOMFIELD had in substance been communicated to the French Government. The document itself, though prolix and heavy, is comparatively unobjectionable, and even the Constitutional platitudes which of course adorn it resemble the respectable commonplaces of a country paper rather than the withering and defiant truisms of Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD. The opinion of the English Government was undoubtedly judicious. It would have been unreasonable, after Magenta and Solferino, to require the restitution of the state of things before the war; and while Austria still held the Venetian fortresses, all attempts at mediation might naturally be thought premature. The policy of England ought, however, to have been communicated to both belligerents, or to have been confided exclusively to the neutral Powers. The French project, plagiarized from Lord JOHN RUSSELL's despatch, was plausibly represented as an English proposal, and to alarm the Emperor of AUSTRIA it only became necessary to invent the statement that Prussia and Russia had adhered to the scheme. On the whole, it is fortunate that the combination of blundering and sharp practice led to a result

which is perhaps not altogether to be deprecated. Prussia willingly escaped both the necessity of war and the responsibility for peace; Austria obtained a compromise which leaves the strength of the Empire untouched; and judicious Englishmen see with satisfaction that the cause of Italian independence is once more separated from the triumphs of French ambition. If, too, the consciousness of having been tricked checks the cordiality of Austria towards France, the danger of a new Holy Alliance of the three great military despotisms will be proportionably diminished.

The Conference of the late belligerents at Zurich, after adjusting the apportionment of the Lombard debt, will be principally employed in discussing the return of the exiled Dukes to Tuscany, Modena, and Parma. There is reason to fear that the representative of Sardinia will be outvoted or set aside by his more powerful colleagues. France and Austria are likely to concur in the opinion that Italy ought above all things to be protected against the danger of acting for herself. The agents of the banished Princes have probably given the fullest assurances at Paris of their willingness to exchange Austrian supremacy for French protection, if they are restored to their vacant thrones; and in the case of Parma, it is not unlikely that NAPOLEON III. may find satisfaction in the opportunity of affording his patronage to a *ci-devant* daughter of France. The assurances on which Lord JOHN RUSSELL relied may have been perfectly compatible with the intention of exercising an irresistible pressure on the people of the Duchies. Even if the whole of the French army evacuates Italy, a veto on the territorial aggrandizement of Piedmont will force the people of Tuscany and of the neighbouring provinces to choose between existing dynasties and some new system which may be rendered impossible by intestine disputes. The Sardinian Commissioner in Modena, the prudent and patriotic FARINI, can only assure those whom he is forced to abandon that King VICTOR EMMANUEL will continue to advocate and defend, to the best of his power, the right of Italians to regulate their own Government. At Zurich there will be little use in arguing against any resolutions which may be adopted by the more powerful parties to the negotiation.

The farce of recommending reforms in the Papal States will probably be repeated, at the risk of denying, on the part of Austria and France, as well as of Sardinia, what PIUS IX. calls the immortality of the soul. On this question, also, the two Great Powers will assume the initiative, even if they differ in their wishes or in their anticipations of success. Both will be perfectly aware that the question can only be solved by the withdrawal of the foreign garrisons, which might compel the POPE to make terms with his subjects. If the results of the Papal domination were less melancholy, there would be something amusing in the hold which the helpless Government of Rome maintains on the masters of half the world. Catholic Europe, under its two rival chiefs, is in the position of an enlightened constituent body, where the Red, White, and Blue party on one side, and the Black and Yellow on the other, regard with equal respect and jealousy some dispassionately corrupt old attorney with a hundred votes at his absolute control. In private, and even in public, they declare that he compromises the character of the borough, and if either could trust the other, both factions might possibly consent to dispense with his discreditable assistance. After a contest, there is even a question of a petition in which the practices of the Independents and their leader may be exposed, but all the time the indispensable master of the situation quietly hums his favourite tune of *Quare fremuerunt gentes*. He well knows that when the disturbance of the moment has passed over, he will continue to hold the balance of parties, and that on occasion he may even determine for either section the choice of individual candidates. At this moment

all his townsmen would unite in defending his character against the officious attacks of outside patriots. In short, the Pope can threaten his patrons with a loss of influence abroad, and in some instances he will have the means of embarrassing them at home. LOUIS PHILIPPE and CASIMIR PERIER recommended GREGORY XVI. to reform his administration; but as soon as they occupied Ancona he felt that he was safe from their further interference, and that he had acquired an additional guarantee against the discontent of his subjects. The PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC wrote his letter to Colonel NEY in 1849, and ten years later General GOYON still protects the Holy See against the natural consequences of undiminished misgovernment. The Roman Catholic Powers have repeatedly proclaimed the necessity of maintaining the Holy See; and the POPE, accepting their assurances, determines for himself and for them the character of the system which they are bound to defend. If France is scandalized by his administration, he can make Austria the representative of orthodoxy, and at the worst he can force his protectors to choose between his despotism and his expulsion. Well was it sung by the poet that "the Pope is a happy man." His spiritual adherents not unnaturally discover a providential necessity in the singular consequences of political convenience acting on an anomalous institution. On a small scale, similar complications sometimes arose in ancient Greece, when there was a question of the security and independence of Delphi and its oracle. The citizens who lived by the prosperity of the temple always found, when they were seriously threatened, that some conscientious Philip of Macedon was forthcoming to defend their sacred immunities. It is true that complaints were afterwards made that the oracle *Philippized*, and, in the case of the modern Delphi, it is for French diplomacy to take care that the Pythoness is not provoked into an undue tendency to Austrianize.

INDIAN POLICY.

MR. BRIGHT and those who assume to be Indian Reformers have for many years insisted on the necessity of bringing the Government of India under the immediate control of Parliament. It was said that the Directors were irresponsible, and in the last resort powerless, while the Board of Control, exercising no initiative, could scarcely be expected to vindicate the administration of an independent body. Between the two authorities the House of Commons was supposed to be cheated out of a supremacy which it was assumed to desire and to deserve; and the anomalous Double Government incurred the charge of usurpation in addition to its numerous real or imaginary sins of omission and commission. The advocates of the old system contended, on the other hand, that an ultimate jurisdiction on appeal was the only political function which could be safely exercised by the Imperial Parliament in relation to India. The Directors, they said, might possibly be, in some instances, liable to charges of incapacity or of jobbery; but, after all, they were Englishmen more or less connected with India, they were liable to no exceptional temptation, and they were confessedly exempt from any bias which could arise from domestic politics. If the Court of Directors was imperfectly informed, it could at least never be accused of indifference, and the House of Commons was at the same time far more ignorant and incomparably less solicitous for the welfare of India. The administration of a remote and alien empire, as far as it could be conducted at home, required the undivided and honest attention of those who represented the sovereignty of England. It was not to be endured that an important decision should be made dependent on the interests of a Ministry or on the balance of political parties. When there was a real necessity for a Parliamentary or Ministerial check, the Board of Control could, on its own responsibility, supersede without question or resistance all the powers which were in ordinary cases entrusted to the Court of Directors. Until the panic of two years ago, these arguments commanded general assent, and it was almost a political commonplace that English and Indian politics could not be kept too wide apart.

On the renewal of the Charter in 1853, a harmless compromise was effected by the arrangement that the Indian Minister should make an annual statement to Parliament on the affairs of his department. A single session easily brought Sir C. WOOD or Mr. VERNON SMITH down to the House of Commons, but twenty Acts of Parliament would not have forced members to attend or to listen. Even the attraction

of Mr. BRIGHT's annual invective generally failed to collect more than thirty or forty members, and no debate was so universally skipped, by ordinary readers of newspapers, as the dry statement of figures, interspersed with commonplaces, which was supposed to develop the policy of the Board of Control. Those who were really interested in India, although they might disapprove of solemn fictions, rejoiced that the new-fangled system, as it could effect no good, was altogether nugatory; and zealous reformers either pretended to be satisfied with their own device, or complained that, as long as the Double Government baffled their curiosity, it was useless to ask questions of one of its component parts.

The unexpected triumph of 1858 has removed all impediments between Parliamentary agitation and Indian government. There is no longer a Court of Directors, the President has become a Secretary of State, and yet Sir C. WOOD is as tiresomely arithmetical as of old, and Mr. BRIGHT continues in the same angry state of chronic dissatisfaction. He asserts, indeed, that the recent change of system has introduced no improvement, and he would gladly dismiss the Council which still contributes to the home administration the whole of the knowledge and special competence by which it may be distinguished; but if Sir C. WOOD or Lord STANLEY stood alone, it is not easy to perceive how the influence of Parliament on Indian affairs would become either more operative or more beneficial. The few members of the House who attend the debate hear with regret of deficits, of mutinies, and of alleged misgovernment; but all, except a few agitators and enthusiasts, are aware of their own inability to correct the abuses which have baffled the life-long efforts of the ablest and most zealous public servants. A French Assembly, the day after a street revolution in Paris, would not hesitate, if the question arose, to legislate on the minutest details of government in Asia or Utopia; but an ancient Legislature, trained in habits of business, shrinks with instinctive caution from dealing with subjects of which it is consciously ignorant. The danger which was justly apprehended from Parliamentary interference depends on contingencies which have not yet arisen since the abolition of the Company. Terror or excitement, or interested subserviency to a religious clamour, may, sooner or later, tempt the House of Commons into a vote which may shake or destroy the English dominion in India. Mr. BRIGHT himself, on Monday night, informed the House that the natives valued above all things the guarantee for their religion and customs which was contained in Lord STANLEY's proclamation. It is impossible that he can fail to understand that, while missionaries and declaimers might act on the House of Commons, they could under no conceivable circumstances have obtained the co-operation of the Directors. There have been Ministers who would sell the great principle of Imperial toleration for a majority, and it is by no means impossible that at some general election Exeter Hall and Lord SHAFTESBURY may hold the balance of political power in their hands.

A dull and purposeless debate is a smaller evil, and, except in some perilous crisis, discussions such as that of Monday must continue to be purposeless. Mr. BRIGHT is an advocate for splitting up India into provinces, to be governed like ordinary colonies from home. Mr. DANBY SEYMOUR, amongst other suggestions, proposes to recognise the right of adoption, or in other words, to tie up every estate and every native sovereignty by a perpetual and indefeasible entail. It is open to all the world to propose such projects, but Parliament would utterly misconceive its own province if it adopted any system of the kind on the authority of individual members. The Enam Commission may possibly commit errors, but it is composed of functionaries acquainted with the country, who before the commencement of their special inquiries possessed, as compared with the majority of the House of Commons, the advantage of knowing the meaning of "Enam." In the absence of special and accurate knowledge, an English politician is naturally biased against a system of universal perpetuities, but in dealing with the land tenures of India he can only arrive at the conviction that the question must be decided on the spot. Seventy years ago, by unparalleled industry and ability, BURKE persuaded the Parliament of his day to review the political and territorial arrangements of a single Governor-General. It is not likely that any future inquiry will be conducted with the same lavish expenditure of time and labour which was bestowed on the impeachment of HASTINGS; and then, after an investigation of several years, the trial resulted in a general impression that the policy

which had been so strongly assailed, although in parts it was justly condemned, could not be fairly or impartially estimated by a remote tribunal.

MR. BRIGHT's plan of administrative dismemberment is principally intended to force upon the Home authorities and on the House of Commons the practical government of India. Notwithstanding the plausible suggestion that one man cannot govern two hundred millions of subjects, the unity of the Empire, if it is to be preserved at all, must be represented by some functionary in London, if not in Calcutta. The precedent of Ceylon, which has neither frontiers nor political relations, might be applicable in some degree to Mr. BRIGHT's detached provinces; but it would still be necessary to pursue some fixed system for the whole of India with reference to protected princes and to foreign Governments. It would be absurd to pursue or to renounce annexation in the Deccan while an independent authority was carrying out opposite principles in Rajpootana. In short, the provincial Governments, if they are no longer to receive orders from Lord CANNING, must refer on all important occasions to Sir CHARLES WOOD. During the late Indian discussions, almost the only rational opinion which was popular in the House of Commons was that India ought, as far as possible, to enjoy the benefit of a local Government. The same principle, involved in Mr. PITT's Charter Act of 1784, has ever since been regarded by general consent as an improvement on Mr. FOX's project of a home Board of permanent Commissioners. Mr. BRIGHT may be right in considering that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL and his Council are insufficiently informed; but the knowledge of Indian officials must at least be greater than that of their distant superiors. Few statesmen will consider that the true remedy is to be found in the assumption of independence which is, perhaps unjustly, attributed to Sir C. TREVELYAN. There is no doubt that the Supreme Government at Calcutta, like many English Departments in relation to subordinate offices, has interfered with vexatious minuteness in the administration of Bombay and Madras; but it is still necessary that some Imperial authority should regulate the general system and the political relations of the Empire.

The House of Commons declined the responsibility even of discussing the expediency of a system under which it would become universally responsible. Mr. BRIGHT's modest and practical proposal of re-establishing an enemy to fight with beyond the Sutlej met neither with echo nor with opposition. The most remarkable proof of conscious inability to administer the Indian Government consisted in the universal silence on the mutiny of the European troops. The carelessness of two or three English statesmen has created the difficulty, and now the successful advocates of Parliamentary interference find that in an important crisis they can only contribute to the public service by a judicious silence.

THE PRESS AND "GREAT SOVEREIGNS."

MR. HORSMAN was so wanting in good breeding the other night as to startle the ear of Parliamentary conventionality with the rude voice of truth—and that on a subject connected with international relations and diplomacy, from which truth ought always to be carefully excluded. "If the language of apparent hostility to France had caused so much uneasiness, what was to be said of the language of compliment and adulation of which this country had become somewhat ashamed? There was no doubt the demeanour of some of our public men towards the Emperor of the FRENCH had lowered us abroad and sickened us at home, while it had provoked many of those counter demonstrations of opinion which would not have been so frequent or so marked had the public not felt that the honour and character of the nation had been complimented away." That is the root of the matter. Lord MALMESBURY thinks proper to get up and laud the *coup d'état* and its results in a speech congenial to his own feelings and gratifying to those of his former boon companion, but grossly offensive to the self-respect and outraging to the deep-seated convictions of the English people. Lord PALMERSTON honours criminal success with a solemn ovation, plays the courtier to it on every occasion, and by his proceedings as a Minister commits this nation to exclusive sympathy with a party in France which he very well knows the great majority of his countrymen abhor. Mr. DISRAELI loses no opportunity of carrying favour by compliments to the "PRINCE"—as his original and creative genius always styles LOUIS NAPOLEON, in order to avoid the use of

so commonplace a word as "Emperor." Then these worthies, having not only given expression to their own opinions as individuals in favour of the French EMPEROR, but misused their positions as English statesmen and public servants for the same purpose, are scandalized to find that they have called forth expressions of feeling far less forcible, because unofficial, on the other side. They proclaim to all Europe that England has renounced her history, and become a parasite to a revived LOUIS QUATORZE; and they think it very hard that all England does not unanimously assent or politely hold its tongue. They fling away with both hands the character which their country has struggled, paid, and bled for three centuries to earn as the head of free and Protestant Europe, and then they turn round and sermonize upon the reckless imprudence of those who try by protesting to save a rag of this character from destruction. They turn the stomach of the nation by their adulation of everything that is un-English, and then they are horrified at the symptoms of nausea which ensue. Our censors in the press stand in much the same position with our censors in Parliament. Week after week, and day after day, English journals, conscientiously devoted to the cause of the Empire and Imperialism, echo the *Moniteur* to English ears. Do they expect to be permitted to do this without reply? Their favoured correspondents rail at the indiscretion of what they are pleased to call "the 'provocative press.'" The "provocative press" is that press, and the "provocative" party is that party, which compels us by its sycophancy to declare that England is still herself, and that her principles, her sympathies, her love of honour, her hatred of dishonour, however disowned in high places, remain unchanged in the heart of the people.

Our Ministers are now about, contrary to the wishes of many who read the present by the past, to unite their councils in a very intimate manner with those of the Emperor of the FRENCH. It is most essential that in doing so they should know what the country they represent expects, and has a right to expect of them in their bearing towards the august associate of their negotiations. There exists in the minds of the great mass of Englishmen a deeply-seated feeling of indignation at the means by which LOUIS NAPOLEON rose to supreme power, and at the mode in which he has used it, both as regards France and as regards the world. This feeling the Ministers of a constitutional country, owing all that they are to the principles over which LOUIS NAPOLEON has triumphed, may fairly be expected to understand, but they are not expected to share it, or to display one particle of it in their dealings with the *de facto* Government of France. As little are they expected to express, otherwise than by vigorous measures of defence, the mistrust which the nation feels, and which their Budget shows they also feel, of the intentions of a despot who, whatever may be his secret plans, and whether he has any secret plans or none, has collected enormous means of aggression, and whose most solemn professions, when they conflicted with his ambitious objects, have been given to the winds. But they are expected, as they would avoid bringing disgrace and moral weakness on their country and confusion on themselves, to abstain from a personal connexion and a personal complicity which this nation, as one man, abhors, and will, as one man, repudiate whenever its voice is heard. One such lesson as the result of the Conspiracy Bill ought to be enough for the most infatuated guest of Compiègne. We should have supposed that it had been enough for all who were concerned, did we not observe that the most clear-sighted and sensible member, perhaps, of Lord PALMERSTON's former Government, in a recent essay, attributes the failure of the prosecution in the BERNARD case to an error in the legal proceeding, instead of attributing it—as it assuredly ought to be attributed—to the violent and indiscriminate, but at bottom righteous, indignation of a people who felt that their honour had been sold by their rulers, and who were determined, at all hazards, to set themselves right in their own eyes and in the eyes of the world. The same writer talks of the "Government," and of the criminality of embroiling it with other Governments by freedom of speech, as though the Executive Ministers were the sovereign power of the State, free to enter on their own account into any diplomatic intrigues they pleased. Any "Government" which proceeds, upon this theory of the matter, to intrigue with the Emperor of the FRENCH, will find to its cost that the "Government" of England is England, and that England is determined to deal fairly, through her Executive, with all foreign Governments, but to intrigue with none, least of all with those which are

the enemies—the natural and inevitable enemies—of her institutions, her religion, and her cause.

Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, in the same debate, laid down, accidentally, what we believe the gagging party would wish to be the rule of diplomatic discussion for journalists, and, of course, by parity of reasoning, for all other writers. He deprecated criticism of the character, motives, past life, and intentions of any great Sovereign of Europe. It is only the little Sovereigns that are to be the subjects of free discussion. You may write what you like about a King of Naples, and however defamatory and incendiary the pamphlet may be, Lord PALMERSTON will circulate it among all the Courts of Europe. Lay bare falsehood, expose oppression as much as you will, provided they are not the falsehood and oppression of the strong. Vent your invective if you will, but vent it on the weak. This has not hitherto been the rule of the English press. It is not the rule of honour. We venture to think it is not the rule of wisdom. Wisdom, in our humble opinion, prescribes that the press should be required on all occasions to tell the nation the whole truth—to estimate justly the characters of those with whom, as a nation, we have to deal—to furnish the means of forming a right judgment of the Governments of other nations compared with our own—to express, and by expressing them, to cultivate and strengthen right moral and political sympathies—to give warning of impending dangers whether they arise from despots or republics—and to publish that information of hostile or suspicious preparations (the most offensive of libels on a faithful ally though it be) which the Government, with its dribble of secret-service money, constantly fails to obtain, while it is obtained by the zeal, sharpened by self-interest and rivalry, of the press. The present denunciations of all who venture to speak the truth of a particular despot seem to us simply a hypocritical way of saying that the defences of this country are not what they ought to be—the remedy for which is not the suppression of the truth, but the construction of a really efficient Channel fleet. But, as we have said before, the press can have no interest in this or any matter distinct from the interest of the nation. If the interest of the nation requires the suppression of public opinion on a particular point, let public opinion on that point be suppressed. We shall acquiesce in that decision. That in which we cannot acquiesce is, that we shall be left under the obligation of speaking on a particular subject without being allowed to speak the truth, or that truth should be condemned to silence, while falsehood—what we believe to be most dangerous falsehood—lifts up its voice unrebuked both in Parliament and in the Press. Let all speak freely, or let all be mute.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF INDIAN FINANCE.

INDIAN financial statements are already beginning to assume, under the new system, a stereotyped form. Whether it is Lord STANLEY or Sir CHARLES WOOD on whom the annual task devolves, we have the same combination of gloomy facts and confident expectations. The most alarming circumstance is that the more the facts are examined the darker they look, while all the ingenuity which can be brought to bear on the subject fails to show any reason whatever for the hope which Indian Ministers officially indulge, that by some unexplained process the finances of our Eastern Empire will right themselves without our assistance. Faith is a grand quality in statesmen no less than in individuals; but a blind confidence that something will turn up is apt to lead to financial ruin in public as in private affairs. Anything more helpless and feeble than the speech of the Indian Minister it is impossible to conceive. Sir CHARLES WOOD's policy is to borrow and hope; and, enlightened by the experience of Lord STANLEY's mishaps, he is too cautious to deny that hoping and borrowing in 1859 must be followed by a repetition of the same expedient in 1860 and 1861—unless, indeed, the crisis should first arrive when it will be impossible to borrow and ridiculous to hope. And yet there is nothing in the position of India to justify despair, if her finances were directed with the boldness which, in the present emergency, is the only true prudence. The quality which is needed above all others in the man who is to restore the financial prosperity of India is courage. Half the difficulty would vanish if it were fairly looked in the face. But this is just what second-rate statesmen are incapable of doing. A chronic deficit of about 10,000,000*l.* a year is doubtless a formidable embarrassment to deal with. But on the other hand a property of almost

boundless extent, capable of infinite improvement, and owned, in the same sense in which an English landlord owns his estate, by a nation enjoying an unlimited command of capital, may be trusted, if properly handled, to bring in profits which would speedily convert almost any amount of deficit into a handsome surplus.

If anything can be said to be certain about India, it is that that country is the grandest field for investment in the world. Except by profitable works, no method has been suggested by which an equilibrium can be secured in the Indian Exchequer. For many years the reduction of expenditure cannot be large, and it will be well if the increase of revenue keeps pace with the growth of the charge for the public debt. The total amount of the loans which must be raised during the present year is put by Sir CHARLES WOOD at 12,500,000*l.* in England, and 2,000,000*l.* in India. The annual charge upon this amount will probably not be less than 850,000*l.*, while even the bold expedient of increasing the customs duties is not expected to add more than 1,000,000*l.* to the revenue. Such experiments as this do not admit of frequent repetition, and there is nothing in the results of this measure or in the proposals for further taxation to justify the expectation that the revenue will grow faster than the interest of the public debt. The utmost that Sir CHARLES WOOD ventures to hope from all the new taxes which it will be possible to impose is "several hundreds of thousands of pounds;" and though there has been a large accession to the revenue during the mutiny, this has resulted, as Mr. BRIGHT rightly observed, more from our military expenditure than from the natural progress of the country. But if it is out of the question to cover the deficiency by additional revenue, Sir CHARLES WOOD gives even less encouragement to the idea that it can be got rid of by reducing expenditure. He says, as has been often said before, that no amount of economy in the Civil Service will make any sensible impression on a deficit of 10,000,000*l.* Some reduction in the strength and consequent cost of the European and native armies is suggested as possible; but to diminish our forces by one half would scarcely restore equilibrium to the Indian budget, while it would almost certainly put an end to our government of the country for ever. Sir CHARLES WOOD's figures, however, are even more alarming than these considerations would lead one to expect. The charge for the year is estimated at 46,000,000*l.*, and the revenue at 36,000,000*l.*, and it is confessed that for some years more it will be necessary to make renewed demands upon the London money market. It is true that Sir CHARLES WOOD professes that, if we can only get over the next two or three years, he will have little fear for the Indian finances. But did any one ever know a man with bankruptcy staring him in the face who was not quite certain that, if he could only get through his immediate embarrassments, his affairs would come round in the most delightful way in the world? Sir CHARLES WOOD's confidence begins just where his figures end; and if India should sink deeper and deeper into embarrassment with every year, we have no doubt that the future which lies beyond the region of estimates will always afford an equally well-founded ground of hope.

A Minister who is about to appear in the money market may be wise to maintain a sanguine tone; and a cheerful view of future possibilities might well be excused in one who was as ready to prepare for the worst as to hope for the best. But Sir CHARLES WOOD does nothing, and proposes nothing, to meet the most serious financial crisis which any statesman ever had to deal with. He confesses a deficit, and begs for a loan. He announces his intention to do the same next year and the year after. Not only does he reject all chance of restoring the finances of India by judicious outlay on reproductive works, but he looks to this very item of expenditure as one of those in which some saving may be made. Already, under the pressure applied from home, Lord CANNING has been compelled to reduce the Public Works expenditure until almost everything has been suspended except the construction of barracks and other military works. Practically, reproductive investments have ceased; and the further saving which is contemplated destroys all hope of retrieving Indian embarrassments by the means which, judging from past experience, appears to offer the most promising prospect of success.

The few words which Sir CHARLES WOOD devoted to the great question of an Imperial guarantee are remarkable as showing the real alarm which lies behind his affected cheerfulness, and the timidity with which he shrinks from a policy which he foresees will sooner or later become inevitable. Before he was burdened with the responsi-

bility of office, no one, as he admits, spoke more strongly than himself against the proposal to reduce the interest of the Indian debt by more than a million sterling, and at the same time to supply the Government with capital sufficient to develop the latent wealth of the country. In succeeding to Lord STANLEY's department, he has borrowed his predecessor's tone, and warns the House not to shut its eyes to the possibility (he might have said the certainty) of a state of things in which it may be necessary to entertain the question seriously. If office has done something to open the eyes of the new Minister, the loss of it has given new force and precision to Lord STANLEY's views upon the subject. As Secretary for India, he could only suggest, as Sir C. Wood has done, the possibility of a vigorous policy which he feared to propose. In opposition, he makes no secret of his conviction that the time has come when the credit of England ought to be applied in aid of the failing resources of our Eastern Empire. The only objection to which Lord STANLEY seems now to attach any weight is one which admits of being easily removed. A reduction of interest such as would follow the grant of an Imperial guarantee might, it is feared, create the same kind of distrust in the native mind which was generated by the conversion of the old 5½ per cent. into a 4½ per cent. stock just before the mutiny. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this—whether it is worth while to buy the sort of confidence which now prevails among native capitalists by bribing them with two or three per cent. more than the market-rate of interest on their investments. Even if this should be thought at the present juncture to be good policy, it need not delay the operation by a day. Three-fourths of the debt is held by Englishmen, and a large portion of it consists of debentures with only a year or two to run. All this capital, together with the stock of the East India Company, might be converted into Indian Consols with an Imperial guarantee, without disturbing the equanimity of a single Hindoo, and every new loan might with still greater facility be raised upon similar terms. But the time is approaching so rapidly when it will no longer be a matter of choice whether to give or withhold the support of English credit, that it is less important than it was to dwell upon the folly of the course which is still persisted in. Probably Sir CHARLES WOOD, when he retires from office, will imitate Lord STANLEY's frankness, as he has already reproduced his official warnings. It would be strange if any statesman could pass through the ordeal of the Indian Secretaryship without learning the absolute necessity of obtaining capital in adequate amount and on the reasonable terms which the credit of England can command.

The recent conversion of the *Times* is even more significant than the progress of opinion in the House of Commons. For more than a year the leading journal has obstinately and almost fiercely denounced the idea that England could ever become liable, either *de facto* or *de jure*, for the Indian debt. With its accustomed versatility it has suddenly abandoned a position which it has at length seen to be untenable. The notion that England can repudiate her Indian debt is now described as "a verbal threat of an impossible dishonesty," and the policy which was strenuously supported until Wednesday last is pronounced to be "a folly only redeemed from being a wickedness by its utter absurdity." Unquestionably the *Times* has got right at last, and no great harm will be done if it should a few months hence take credit for the success of a movement which it has done its best to discredit and defeat. It is unfortunate, however, that every year during which the decisive step is postponed involves the waste of vast sums of money, and, what is still more serious, the indefinite suspension of undertakings by which alone India can be saved from ultimate bankruptcy. Except on the hypothesis that the liability could be staved off for ever, there never was a pretext for delaying a guarantee for a single day, and now that Sir CHARLES WOOD has learned to look upon the project as one which will have at some future time to be entertained, he would show both wisdom and courage by acting at once under the guidance of the new light which has dawned upon him. But wisdom and courage are the last qualities to be looked for from a mere party politician, and our sole reliance is placed on the inevitable necessity which will soon compel the adoption of a rational policy. Should Mr. CRAUFORD's opinion be shared by the City generally, the rejection of the Indian debentures which it is proposed to issue will bring the matter to an early crisis, and India will owe to the force of circumstances a measure which she has looked for in vain from the hands of her Parliamentary rulers.

L'IDÉE NAPOLEONNIENNE.

IN our transactions with the Continent we live very much from hand to mouth. Distrustful of the subtleties of diplomatic intrigue, straightforward in our own dealings, and concerned more with ourselves than with the rest of the world, we can scarcely be said to have, as a people, any such thing as a traditional foreign policy, unless it be a firm determination not to interfere in the affairs of other countries. A few hereditary maxims may linger about the holes and corners of Downing-street. Successive Foreign Secretaries may cultivate this or that alliance, foresee this or that danger, but when the hour for action arrives, we are reluctant to sacrifice the tangible blessings of peace to any calculation of merely possible contingencies. The case is entirely different abroad. Father to son, uncle to nephew, a dynasty transmits from generation to generation the sacred heirloom of a settled purpose. It is handed down as the runners of olden time passed on the wondrous torch-fire from man to man. The King, the Czar, the Emperor dies, but the family policy is not buried in his grave. Englishmen do not understand such traditions, and, even when warned of them, are slow to believe that any such exist. The fact is, that we have nothing ourselves to gain by aggression, no initiative to take, no enterprise to set on foot. Foreign diplomacy is for us a chess-match in which the move rests with the other player. If he lays his finger on a piece, we do not easily perceive in what various quarters we are threatened. In reality, what seems to us an insulated effort is very often one of a long train. The move is defeated for the moment—we imagine the war is over, and the assailant has relinquished his design. We are very much mistaken. The war is not over—only a campaign.

If there is one man in Europe above the rest who may be described as a man of fixed ideas, wedded to an unalterable policy, it is the present Emperor of the FRENCH. He has passed a considerable portion of his life in solitary reflection. For years he brooded over "what might be," and his dreams, one by one, are being realized. Long ago he mapped out his future career, and step by step he is accomplishing it. Nothing but the accidents of circumstance can affect his plan, and hitherto accident has been strangely in his favour. He moves by line and plummet—by fixed landmarks—towards the consummation he desires. In hours of captivity and exile he meditated—he is now upon a throne, and he achieves. His lucubrations during those dark days are not hidden from us—years ago they were given to the world. We have all of us in our own hands, if we choose to use it, the key to the foreign policy of NAPOLEON III.

Great men ponder over the history of other great men for the purpose, not of imitating, but of learning. NAPOLEON III. has studied, and has not in vain studied, the history of NAPOLEON I. How long did NAPOLEON go on conquering? As long as he attacked Europe in detail. When did he fail? When fate compelled him to fling down the gauntlet to the combined Continent. These are not our deductions from the past; they are the deductions of a famous mind, written by a famous hand—the mind and the hand of LOUIS NAPOLEON. "Rome," says MONTESQUIEU, "became great because the wars she waged were successive, not simultaneous. She never attacked one foe till the one before was done with." This, pursues NAPOLEON III., is the true policy of the French Empire. That empire is not war, it is peace—peace when the honour and the interests of France allow of it—"Pas de paix sans honneur, pas de guerre universelle."

The European confederation which closed the war in 1815 was too strong for BONAPARTE. The stars in their courses combined and fought against SISERA. He fell, and left the Allied Powers victorious, conscious of the fate that they had escaped, and conscious of the dangers which might yet arise from another such as he was. Though the fight was over, one bond of sympathy still bound them. They determined that no second member of that family must again be allowed to hurl defiance at the thrones of Europe, and vex the quiet of the world. Their determination was not uncalled for, but, unfortunately, it was impractical. Time, the great league-breaker, divided the tie, for Europe could not and dared not for ever be interfering in the internal affairs of a powerful people. Some thirty years passed, and a NAPOLEON was again reigning at the Tuileries. The members of the old Alliance looked on suspiciously, but could do nothing. On the other hand, the nephew, all the wiser for the catastrophe of his uncle, took very good care to give them no direct reason for alarm.

The position of France under her new Emperor was not

one with which a great nation could long be satisfied. She was isolated, and, what was more, she was suspected. Her honour and her interests alike required that this isolation and this suspicion should cease. An alliance with England was an admirable expedient. It disarmed much hostility abroad, and it rendered what remained unimportant. The next thing to be done was to break up the confederation of 1815, to alienate the members from each other—to restore, in fact, to the French their “legitimate” place in the councils of the world. *Pas de paix sans honneur, pas de guerre universelle.* The Russian war served two ends. It satisfied the wounded dignity of France, which had not forgiven Moscow, and it secured enmity between Russia and her old confederates, England, and, above all, Austria. A sudden peace arranged at a time when England was desirous of continuing, and the courts of St. Petersburg and the Tuileries of concluding the conflict, threw Russia and France into each other's arms. A secret understanding was brought about, and the war was abandoned. It did not, however, leave Europe as it found her. It is just possible that English diplomatists perceived the position in which this country and Austria were now placed by the unexpected course of events. It is pretty certain that it was not lost on the statesmen of Austria and Prussia. Silently an Anglo-Austrian intimacy began, almost unobserved by the English people, whose liberal sentiments would not have predisposed them to look with complacency on a friendship with despotic conservatism, however desirable from a diplomatic point of view. A happily-cemented marriage united, and long may it continue to unite, the respective Courts and peoples of Prussia and of England. LOUIS NAPOLEON was alive to the gradual growth of this incipient coalition. An Italian war of independence was the best and most certain way to detach Austria from her friends, and he himself had long entertained a sentimental sympathy for the wrongs of Italy. Englishmen, he well knew, must remain neutral, for Englishmen will never sacrifice genuine feeling to diplomatic expediency. Accordingly the cord that bound London to Vienna was snapped. The tie between Vienna and Berlin was only weakened, for Prussia, alarmed though hesitating, would ultimately have made common cause with Austria. Before she could do so, the prudent “moderation” of NAPOLEON III., in the conference at Villafranca, had won over FRANCIS JOSEPH, who was convinced of the indifference of England, and was by some mysterious artifice induced to distrust the fidelity of Prussia. The result was that the danger of European conflagration, which the French EMPEROR fears at the bottom of his heart, disappeared. One more member was lost to the old confederation. Germany is divided against herself from Hanover to Munich. France has conquered one more European Power, and converted one more enemy into a friend.

Neither has this war left Europe as it found her. The bundle of sticks is loosed, and the strength that lay in their unity is turned to weakness. Austria and Russia eye each other with little affection, while each is connected by triple ties of gratitude with France. Prussia and England are left alone, and Austria is no friend to Prussia, Russia no friend to us. Is the honour of France satisfied, or are we always to have wars and rumours of wars? The two nations that were the conquerors at Waterloo stand apart, anxious for the future. What says the Imperial kinsman of the conquered? Is it peace? Once, upon a solemn crisis in his career, LOUIS NAPOLEON proclaimed to France and Europe that his mission was to remember that fatal field. Has he forgotten it? At least he has never said so. We do not assert that the sore still rankles in his memory. He is dark, he is politic, he is profound. We only say, “Who knows?” Is the last step in the policy of the nephew of NAPOLEON to be the separation of the two remaining allies? We know the characteristic tendencies of Englishmen, and we know that, if he tries, it is too possible he may succeed. If the French eagles were crowding to-morrow to the Rhine, would England still be neutral, and see her last friend crushed? Should we not be inclined to cry, “Why go to war for a ‘probability—a chance—a remote result?’” And truly war is a terrible stake to lay down upon a venture. Besides, there is a powerful god—Cotton—and he has several prophets. But when the aggressor has alienated their allies, and in a blind indifference have neglected at the same time to arm themselves. If we refuse to stand by our friends, let us be ready to meet, and to meet alone and unassisted, what Heaven has reserved for us in the future.

THE INCOME-TAX.

THE House of Commons had nothing to say against the additional Income-tax, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself could not find an ingenious or far-fetched argument in its favour. Seven or eight months hence it will be necessary to devise either a more acceptable tax or a plausible theory; and it is well that the only political department in which practical problems admit of scientific treatment should be occupied by a statesman who is willing and able to reason before he acts. The half-year's fourpence in the pound goes back to the primary origin of taxation. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER puts his hand into the breeches pocket of the tax-payer because it is the readiest mode of getting at the money which he wants. As wheat grows from some *tritium repens* or *marinum*, as plums are developed from sloes, and justice from revenge, so fiscal principles emanate from the doctrines of the road, and robbery is but wild taxation. The old English kings levied tonnage at the Cinque Ports and duties on wool at the Staples on the Continent, not because wines or fleeces were the fittest sources of revenue, but on the ground that, for the purpose of drawing water, the stream could be most conveniently dammed up where it ran in the narrowest channel. The castles which still adorn every hill on the Rhine were originally built as custom-houses, and the trader on the great river paid tolls for the simple reason that it was impossible to proceed to the next reach without a pass or clearance. Originally, perhaps, merchants thought it unjust that a single class should pay all the demands of Kings and of robber barons, but a sound instinct of political economy soon suggested the natural process by which the incidence of the tax is diverted to the consumer. Ingenious speculators might show how the discovery that sovereignty has its duties as well as its rights gradually dawned on the owners of profitable thoroughfares. It was as necessary to protect commerce as to feed the goose that laid the golden eggs; and, even in levying imposts, it was found by degrees that there were fiscal advantages in method and approximate equality. Financial science has even yet scarcely advanced beyond the recognition of comparative productiveness as the test of allowable taxation; and, if the wants of the State were uniform, and the distribution of burdens permanent, Chancellors of the Exchequer would be justified in preferring the system which yielded the largest return with the smallest amount of trouble. All economical relations tend to adjust themselves as long as they are exempt from external disturbance. In a country, at least, such as Great Britain, where capital and labour are practically moveable, a drain on any portion of the public wealth, after a certain interval of local depression, diffuses itself into a reduction of the general level. Taxes are purely mischievous only when they can be avoided at the cost of a certain loss or inconvenience. The consumer who is stinted in his enjoyments by a fiscal system, like the traveller who cannot afford to pay a turnpike-toll, contributes nothing to the public treasury, although he is mulcted in conformity with its regulations.

It is not impossible that the tax which is in principle the fairest may be found in practice to involve insuperable or preponderating objections; but the first step in solving a problem of applied mechanics is to ascertain the mathematical solution which would be true if friction and the comparative strength of materials could be left out of the question. The ideal financier would exact from the tax-payer only the precise percentage which he required; and, sedulously abstaining from any attempt to redress the balance of society, he would leave the economical relations of different classes in all respects as he found them. If all the public and municipal expenses of some colony in Atlantis had, up to a certain time, been borne by the mother country, the Utopian community would find, when it was left to its own fiscal arrangements, that its total revenue was already apportioned according to some definite scale among its proprietors, its public officers, its traders, and its workmen of every rank and description. In providing an equivalent for the foreign subsidy which was no longer available, a wise legislator would assume that the law of supply and demand had produced results which were necessary and practically just; and if it were possible to abstract an equal fraction from every individual income, he would not hesitate to provide for all the public necessities by a single direct and indiscriminate tax. If he adopted, for extraneous reasons, the more complicated plan of taxing realized property alone, the inequality would, in process of time, be corrected by a proportionate diminution of wages, salaries, and profits; but to render an equitable adjustment possible, it would be necessary that the

system should be permanent, or that it should extend over a long series of years. The simplest and fairest mode of attaining the same result would undoubtedly be an equal tax on every kind of income. A Liverpool club or party which lately presented an address to Mr. CORDEN, actually proposed, as a feasible change, the substitution of a property tax for all the multifarious sources of English revenue. The absurd exemption of a Lord Chancellor, of an Archbishop, or of a wealthy banker, appears never to have occurred to the one-idea'd projectors as a questionable anomaly.

Mr. GLADSTONE, although he undoubtedly understands the advantages of direct taxation, has persuaded himself that, on the whole, it is expedient to abolish the Income-tax altogether. The popular objection to the impost is founded on the absence of adjustment; and scientific financiers may, with better reason, fear that it will hereafter be adjusted in such a manner as to produce intolerable oppression. The truth that a permanent Income-tax corrects all inequalities of tenure fails to commend itself to the understanding of agitators, actuaries, or popular assemblies. A statesman may perhaps be justified in relinquishing the best item in his Budget when he foresees the opportunity which it may afford for a partial confiscation. There is also reason to fear that the impending deterioration of the constituencies will produce in a degenerate House of Commons an undue readiness to plunder the classes which will, under the new system, be virtually unrepresented. Mr. BRIGHT, in one of his last provincial speeches, anticipated a happy future in which all political power would be given to numbers, while taxation was, for the most part, to be imposed upon property. Mr. GLADSTONE knows the fatal facility with which revenue may be raised, when it is voted by those who are to bear no visible part of the burden. Although he cannot control the future legislation of a Parliament formed on the model of the Marylebone vestry, he may at least determine that his democratic successor shall not find an instrument of injustice ready to his hand.

One of the commonest arguments against the Income-tax is founded on the convenience of resorting to a productive impost in exceptional seasons of war or difficulty. Unluckily, all the fallacies which are urged against an equal and permanent impost become solid objections to an occasional levy on income treated as property. A thousand a year may be worth one or thirty years' purchase, and there is flagrant inequality in the demand of an equal contribution from two capitals of which one is thirtyfold greater than the other. It is true that in moments of national emergency fiscal measures are not always narrowly scrutinized; but political economy is more generally studied than in the days of Mr. PITT's Income-tax, and an agitation against the richer classes, founded on a basis of injustice, is not to be rashly incurred or hastily dispensed.

Such are some of the difficulties which Mr. GLADSTONE will have to deal with, if he holds his present office through the session of 1860. The additional complications and embarrassments which he has carefully provided for himself will only furnish him with an agreeable occasion for exercising his ingenuity. It will not be beyond the reach of his rhetoric to prove that the true mode of fulfilling a prophecy is to overthrow the whole dispensation to which it properly belonged. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER who proposed in 1853 to get rid of the Income-tax in seven years, did not think that he should live to want it at the end of the period which he had fixed. It will be surprising if no remarkable events intervene to justify some change of policy before the date of the next Budget. It is at least satisfactory to know that, as long as Mr. GLADSTONE is in office, the financial policy of the Government will enjoy all the advantages which it can derive from eloquent exposition.

BRIBERY.

BRIBERY has its comic side as well as drunkenness. Every one knows the amazing eagerness with which theatrical audiences welcome the mimicry of intoxication. Not long ago, a theatre rather piquing itself on its peculiar refinement, was filled night after night with crowds eager to see a favourite actor stagger and stutter as a drunken waiter. And so there is a recognised fun in anecdotes of bribery. The joke runs that this elector has sold a kitten for a 50*l.* note, that that elector's wife has found twenty sovereigns in her teapot, that the Man in the Moon has arrived at the Blue Swan, that the halves of endless bank-notes have come to the chairman of the committee at the Green Dragon.

This is all very amusing; but bribery, like drunkenness, has its serious side also. If the educated and well-behaved people who shake with laughter at the "Boots at the Swan" could also see the interior of a gin palace at two in the morning, their mirth would be diminished. And if the lovers of bribery anecdotes would reflect on the real effect which bribery exercises on the poor, their conscience might possibly smite them. In the first place, people who receive money which they know they ought not to receive, lose self-respect. They do not lose all self-respect, perhaps, for nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that even vicious people have not very virtuous points; but they lose it to a great, manifest, and alarming degree. Then the thriftiness of the poor, their prospective economy, their self-reliance, are necessarily undermined when they begin to calculate on the receipt of great windfalls which are to free them from all difficulties. Bribery often does more harm in a week than the Savings Bank does good in ten years. And the very largeness of the sums given is of itself a positive evil. It makes the recipient contemptuous of small sums. To save twopence on a glass of beer seems not only useless but ludicrous to a man who has lately fingered a ten-pound note which came to him without any effort on his part. But perhaps the worst effect of bribery is the domestic demoralization which it causes. Taking money for a vote is almost the only very wrong thing which a man and his wife of some respectability do together. This community of crime is most corrupting. If a man drinks, there is a chance that a sober and affectionate wife may at any time give him a new start. If a woman slanders her neighbour, there is a chance that the more manly nature of her husband may shame her into silence. But the laws against bribery, wholly powerless as they are to prevent it, are just powerful enough to make it safer to approach the husband through the wife. She is instructed to lead him astray, and then when she has succeeded, the couple, like our first parents, feel their nakedness before each other. Neither can look to the other for support or guidance. And very soon they begin to get worse. They lay their heads together and grow expert in sinning. The wife takes the bribe, and fails to convince the husband. That triumph of persuasion is reserved for the agent who bribes on the other side, and thus the worthy partners pocket double stakes. It is not a very pleasant task for the moralist to contemplate the steps of the "Ten-pound Householder's Progress."

We do not wish to exaggerate the bad effects of bribery. Its direct political influence is not nearly so baneful as we might expect. The British Constitution works on, and the House of Commons reflects, as well as any assembly could do, the opinion of the nation, although a hundred constituencies may have chosen their representative because he lavished money on them. The reason is obvious. A man who can afford to spend from five to ten thousand pounds in a week is a man who holds, or who wishes to hold, a certain position in society. Directly he is elected he is exposed to the action of all those causes which tend to keep up the character of Parliament. The majority of the House of Commons take their seats without having paid anything beyond their legitimate expenses, and the leading men of all parties come to Westminster without having been guilty, at the election which has seated them, of any transaction into which they can fear an inquiry. The tone of the House, therefore, is that of an assembly which in its main elements is consciously and notoriously untainted by bribery. And the man who has bought his way into the House not only votes with his party, and follows the guidance of his leaders, but is personally influenced by the opinions and sympathies of the class of society in which he moves. He does not like to fall conspicuously below the standard which is exacted by the press, by the educated portion of the community, and by the general judgment of the country. It is only indirectly that bribery has had political effects. It tends to lessen in the country the feeling of political responsibility—it degrades the popular conception of an English citizen. But we do not think that its political evils are its chief evils. It is principally bad, because it ruins the character and debauches the principles of that class which it is the great difficulty and the greatest gain of a nation to keep in some measure virtuous—the class that is hovering between hopeless and hopeful poverty. It is on the great moral harm done to this section of society that the enemies of bribery should chiefly rest their case. Every man of religion, of honour, of any sort of principle, who reflects on the harm done to this class by giving them, at

uncertain intervals, large sums of money which they know it is wrong in them to receive, must long to put an end to the system under which so great an injury is inflicted.

The Legislature has often attempted to check bribery, and the House of Commons itself occasionally endeavours, by taking cognizance of the corrupt withdrawal of petitions, to remove the screen that shelters bribery from public criticism. But the good effected in this way scarcely goes beyond the protest which Parliament thus records against demoralizing practices. It is something that the general voice of public opinion should be thus encouraged to reprobate bribery. But bribery notoriously flourishes in spite of the protest of Parliament. The advocates of the Ballot, again, think that their machinery would stop the purchase of votes. We do not see that, if the constituencies remained as at present, the Ballot would do much good. Out of a constituency of three hundred there are probably two hundred electors, at least, who vote honestly according to their political leanings. The remaining hundred are a very manageable number, and the simple resource of promising sixty of them twenty or thirty pounds a-piece if a particular candidate were returned would make the Ballot useless. Then, it is said, there ought to be a sweeping change in the constituencies. They ought all to be so large that bribery would be impossible. But the enlargement must obviously be very great. The worst revelations of bribery at present disclosed in this session come from Wakefield—a borough created by the Reform Bill, with twenty thousand inhabitants, and with a constituency little short of a thousand. Therefore, to avoid bribery, a constituency must be much larger than this. But as bribery does not directly impede the working of the Constitution, it would be a very strong remedy for its evils to make so enormous a change in the Constitution as to lay down that every constituency should number at least three or four thousand. And it may be very plausibly argued that, even morally, the effect of suddenly giving political power to vast masses unfitted to use it would be much worse than the harm caused at present by bribery, as it would destroy that respect for the institutions of the country which forms a very large part of the morality of Englishmen. Nor is it at all certain that the creation of uniform large constituencies would prevent bribery. It is true that the mass of the voters could not be bribed; but the experience of America shows us that it would become a regular trade for agents to collect the votes of electors who are themselves perfectly indifferent as to the result of elections, and these agents would not only be accessible to bribes, but they would have no return for their time and trouble unless they were bribed.

We do not believe that any Act of Parliament or any constitutional change can do much to stop bribery. If it is ever to be put down, it must be put down by an improvement in the moral standard of the country. And this improvement must come from above, and not from below. We do not see any reasonable hope that the education of the poor would make bribery more infrequent. It is true that there is very little bribery in Scotland; and Scotchmen account for this, perhaps truly, by saying that their lower classes have more morality and self-respect than persons of equal station in England. We hope this is so; but we are not aware that the Scotch have as yet been seriously tempted. There is in Scotland a strong feudal feeling, and there is also a strong Liberal feeling; and the consequence is, that the majority of the boroughs are contentedly delivered over to Whig landowners. But we are not quite sure what would happen if an English Conservative went down to a Scotch constituency, and spent ten thousand pounds a-time at five consecutive elections. At any rate, in England, the poorer electors in the smaller boroughs are accustomed to be bribed, and as long as money is offered them they will, we fear, be sure to take it. Any serious attempt to check bribery must come from the classes who are capable of thinking bribery wrong. It does not appear to us quixotic to imagine that a successful movement against bribery might come from this quarter. We do not wish for indignation meetings. We do not think it would be advisable to go too fast, or to inquire too minutely into the history of past elections, or to speak too harshly of those who have hitherto acquiesced in the system. But in every constituency there are always a great many persons of education, persons of station, persons who care for the poor, and whose wives and daughters care still more for the poor—persons who, like clergymen, are professionally in charge of the poor—and persons interested generally in the

advancement and improvement of the country. If these people met together and had the evils of bribery brought clearly before them, and pledged themselves not to vote for any candidate who would not enter into an honourable undertaking that he would confine himself to his legitimate expenses, a very great gain would have been effected. Of course the candidate might give the undertaking and break it. But bribery is generally sufficiently notorious in the borough where it takes place, and the candidate would be satisfactorily punished by all the men of high character among his previous supporters declining to assist him at another election. It is also true that those who are anxious to put down bribery must be prepared to find their candidate defeated if it happens that all, or a great majority, of those who wish to stop bribery are on one side of politics. This is not very probable, but if it did occur, then the enemies of bribery must make this temporary sacrifice for the general good of the country and for the sake of the poor. We believe that their sacrifice would be merely temporary, and that the moral strength which their party would gain from such a defeat would soon redress the balance in their favour.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

MANY persons have indulged the hope that, as intelligence developed itself in the labouring classes, the fatal expedient of a strike would become discredited, even among those for whose benefit such movements are ostensibly designed. The expectation was precisely analogous to the dream of universal peace with which amiable enthusiasts generally delight themselves on the eve of a Continental revolution or a European war. Both of these sanguine delusions are based on the same reasoning. War is undeniably injurious in the long run to all nations which take part in it. Peace with all the world is the obvious interest of every country, and it is assumed that, with the growth of intelligence, all people will learn to follow the course which their interests dictate. On the same principle, it is demonstrated that a system of strikes must be detrimental alike to masters and workmen, and it is inferred that masses of men will grow too wise to rush headlong to destruction. It is not surprising that these anticipations should have grown up chiefly in that school of thinkers by whom the principles of political economy were first developed into a system of national policy. The assumption that men will, upon the whole, follow the dictates of self-interest, is the basis of the whole science of political economy, and the marvellous success of Free-trade has shown that the assumption may safely be taken as the foundation of economical calculations. It is only because buyers and sellers consult their own advantage that every commodity in the world is to be had where it is wanted, in the quantity in which it is required, and at the lowest price at which it can be produced. Why is it that a hypothesis which has been so amply justified in one case seems to fail utterly in another? If self-interest has destroyed monopoly and extortion, why does it not equally put an end to war among nations and strikes among operatives? The answer is simple, though not very encouraging to optimist views. The fundamental axiom of political economy is not that every man under all circumstances will do what is wisest and best for himself, but that the broad results of the independent action of millions will be the same as if this measure of enlightened selfishness had been attained by each. Let the numbers dealt with be sufficiently large, and the men themselves sufficiently independent, and it is certain that the irregularities which folly or obstinacy may introduce into the law of competition will substantially neutralize each other, and the ultimate results will be much the same as if no one ever deviated from the course of action which his interest prescribed. But once introduce the principle of combination, and the whole reasoning fails. Unite all the inhabitants of a country into a single organization, and you have no more security that they will choose peace because it is their interest than you have that any given individual will invariably be guided by absolute wisdom. Combine a vast class of mechanics into one huge society, and they are as likely to ruin themselves by strikes as Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith is to waste his substance in a stupid lawsuit or a mad speculation. Up to a certain point the increase of intelligence is likely to increase rather than to diminish the mischief. Men will learn to conduct their strikes skilfully before they acquire the higher wisdom of avoiding them altogether. If this needed proof, it would be afforded by

the fact that it is among the higher grades of mechanics that strikes are most frequent and most fatal. Until combinations, whether of masters or men, are at an end, it is as idle to hope for perpetual peace between capital and labour as it is to expect universal peace while rival nations exist upon the earth.

Every commodity except labour is always to be had at such price and on such conditions as are fair between the buyer and the seller; and if the law of competition were allowed fair play, every workman would be able to dispose of his industry on terms which would be perfectly just between himself and his employer. The idle and incompetent would fare worse than the active and skilful, as they ought to do; but a day's work would as certainly fetch its full value as a pound of beef or a sack of flour does now. The plea which is urged, and in some instances fairly urged, for Trade Societies, is that they are merely defensive associations, without which the men would be at the mercy of a combination of employers. It is not to be denied that if employers chose to unite in a movement to keep down the price or enhance the severity of labour, individual workmen would be almost powerless to resist; and if there were any pretence for saying that the master builders had been the first to combine, it would be difficult to blame the men for entering on a defensive war, however much one might deplore the consequences which such a policy is certain to bring upon their heads. But no such excuse is pleaded for the builders' strike. The movement is avowedly aggressive and Socialist. The agitators do not disguise their intention to substitute combination for competition as the principle by which their relations with their employers are henceforth to be regulated. They complain of no hardship; they do not deny that their wages are reasonable; and even the relief which they demand of an hour a day is asked for less in the interest of the employed than of the unemployed.

The theory of the movement is most explicitly avowed by the Secretary of the Society. His reasoning, somewhat condensed, is as follows:—"Machinery has diminished the amount of human labour necessary to procure a given quantity of work in the building as in other trades. We claim to have the benefit of this. Labour is more productive than it was, and we insist that, instead of employing fewer hands and producing more work, you, the masters, shall engage as many men as before and pay them as highly, and that all the economy of labour which machine work has introduced shall be destroyed by allowing us to spend a continually increasing portion of each day in idleness or recreation. Many of our trade are out of work, and we require that all of them (or rather so many of them as join our society) shall be constantly employed, and that the same wages shall be given to the bad and lazy workman as are earned by the most skilful and industrious. Moreover, we demand that no workman, however strong and able, shall be permitted to earn more than his fellows by doing more than a regulation day's work. Overtime work is to be abolished because it satisfies the cravings of the few at the expense of the many who are out of employment."

The masters could not be expected to yield to these pretensions. Why should the Builders' Trades Union appropriate to itself all the advantage of improved machinery? The inventions which have multiplied the efficiency of labour, when once the rights of inventors are satisfied, are the property of all, and not merely of the artisans in the particular trade to which any invention happens to be applied. If the principle of the Trades Unions were carried out, the whole saving of labour effected by spinning-jennies and power-looms ought to redound to the advantage of weavers and spinners. Calico and long-cloth should be sold at the prices which prevailed before steam-power was thought of, and factory men should work about half-an-hour a day, in which time they would certainly produce, with modern appliances, what would once have been a full day's work. But the carpenter reaps the benefit of factory machinery in the price of his dress, and he has no right to complain that the advantage of the machinery introduced into his own trade is shared in like manner by all who purchase the products of his industry. Machinery never yet permanently diminished the demand for labour. If by some new invention fifty men were able to build as many houses this year as a hundred could have done a year ago, the consequence would be, not that half the workmen would be discharged, but that more houses would be built. Houses would become cheaper, and the whole labouring class would reap the benefit in the improvement of the wretched accommodation with which too many of

them are compelled to put up. If the carpenters were allowed to have their way, they would appropriate the whole fruits of such an invention by working only half as long as before. The claim rests upon the absurd pretension that every new labour-saving machine belongs to the class of workmen whose productive power it increases, in a sense in which it does not belong to the rest of the community.

We have little hope of convincing the zealots of the Trade Societies that their principles are neither just nor practicable. But they must indeed be blind not to see that their movement must end in failure and starvation. A combination of masters is stronger than a combination of men. The employer lives upon his capital while workmen are starving. One strike may last for weeks, another for months, but the end, in this country at least, is always the same. If met, as the builders are now met, by union among their employers, the men must exhaust their means before their ends can be gained. It is even more in the interest of labour than of capital that competition should be allowed to prevail without combination either on the one side or the other. The main reason why manufacturing industry has flourished in Manchester, and Birmingham, and Sheffield, and almost died out in Dublin and Cork, is that strikes have failed in the one country and succeeded in the other. Irish artisans, in the silk and other trades, managed to ruin their employers in detail, and ended by destroying the manufactures from which they drew their subsistence. English workmen have, fortunately for themselves, been met with a degree of firmness which has averted the common ruin which the agitators of their societies would have brought on masters and men alike.

A large portion of the artisans themselves are, we believe, well convinced of the folly of the course into which they are driven by the tyranny of their Trade Societies, and the master builders can scarcely be blamed for their policy of rejecting all workmen who belong to a Society. But in declaring war as they have done against the whole body of the trade, they have shown themselves as unjust and short-sighted as their opponents. It is announced that on this day the whole of the building works in London are to be stopped, and to remain closed until the firm against which the Society's first attack is directed shall have succeeded in engaging a sufficient number of new hands to resume operations. The first weight of the blow will fall upon the non-society men whom the masters should do their utmost to protect. They will be driven into the movement as the only condition on which they can obtain even temporary support, and the injustice of making them suffer for the faults of others will convert them into opponents more bitter than the mere theoretical champions of the rights of their order. We hope that the masters will not carry out the cruel and suicidal policy which they have declared. So long as they confine their resistance to the Society by which they are threatened, they will be doing no more than they are absolutely compelled to do; but they may be assured that a sudden dismissal of all their men, whether innocent or guilty, will turn the stream of public sympathy to the side of their rebellious workmen.

SOMEBODY'S FAULT.

EVERY one knows how pleasant it is to grumble, and how the delights of fault-finding sweeten sorrow and heighten happiness. Next to the community of high sentiment, the community of blaming the same third person is the closest and most keenly felt tie both of political and domestic affection. Two strangers who meet by chance are very slightly attracted by finding that they are both Conservatives, or both Liberals; but a sudden rush of sympathy unites them in an instant if they discover that they each attribute the miseries and dangers of England to Mr. Bright, or the Quartermaster-General, or the author of the Bank Act. So, too, in private circles, we are happy to say, for the honour of human nature, that the highest expansion of feeling takes place when persons who have a regard for each other join in an act of religious worship, or read together a fine poem, or look together on a lovely landscape; but it is strange how very nearly an equal degree of happiness is attained if they do but sit down quietly, and abuse confidentially a servant, a friend, or a relation. Almost all the small calamities of life are instantaneously mitigated, if not removed, by the possibility of fixing the responsibility on some definite person. Even when, on any fair principle, this is impossible, and a man has no one to blame but himself, the ingenuity of the human mind is generally equal to the emergency, and enables the sufferer to discover some arrangement of remote causes and consequences which will warrant him in giving a good scolding to some one of whom he happens not to be afraid. The great doctrine, that whatever happens of good is due to our own wisdom,

or is a part of our well-deserved luck, and that whatever happens of bad is somebody's fault, is the great safety-valve which lets off the ever-accumulating force of self-complacency and irritability in the world. Providentially, almost every one has a somebody to whom he dares to attribute the fault. It may be a child, or a servant, or a wife, or a weaker-minded friend, or a poor relation, but it seldom happens that there is actually nobody who can be accused as the *primâ facie* cause of mischief. Under the institutions of our ancestors, when a crime was committed, the "hundred" was held responsible in the first instance, and the "hundred" had to discover the actual criminal. In domestic and in political life, it is found very convenient to have something which stands in a position like that of the "hundred." Some people, for example, take democratic liberalism as their "hundred"—others take the bloated aristocracy. When anything goes wrong, they do not consider themselves bound to show how the aristocracy causes the evil, but hold the aristocracy bound to show that it does not cause it. The legitimate presumption is that the "hundred" did it, and the "hundred" must clear itself. Sir Archibald Alison is great in this way. He assumes that, *primâ facie*, any considerable historical event in recent times, such as the Battle of Navarino, or the Revolution of July, or the Potato Famine, is attributable to the abolition of one-pound notes, and that, if an exception to the rule exists, which is very improbable, its existence must be severely tested and clearly proved. And even when there is no "hundred," and a critic has no "black beast" ready as a primary scapegoat, he may find it very agreeable to rest in the general position that somebody ought to be blamed, if he could only tell who that somebody is. If he has nothing else to say, he can at least say that it is all "somebody's" fault.

It is natural that the criticism of political events, as the press gets more power, should show an increasing tendency to approach to men's ordinary criticism of domestic events. The critics are persons who have perhaps every qualification for judging of public affairs except that they do not take part in them. They are quite competent to deal with public questions in the abstract, and yet are devoid of the experience which a personal encounter with the stagnation, the listlessness, and the divided interests of the men through whom statesmen have to work can alone give. They therefore permit their judgment to be coloured, perhaps more than they are aware, by their private experience and domestic habits of thought. They are accustomed to the view that whatever goes wrong at home is somebody's fault, and they think that they have made some useful progress if they apply the principle to political life and announce it in a decisive manner. India, for example, is, as we all know, a difficult subject to deal with. A man may say without shame that India is far beyond him. Even well-informed men are precluded, generally, from expressing an opinion about Indian affairs by the consciousness of complete ignorance. There was, therefore, no derogation from a plausible omniscience in the *Times* owning that it really could not pretend to say whether Sir Charles Wood has done well or ill, or whether any one else could have done better; but it would have been only right to have taken the line of honest ignorance thoroughly. Instead of this, the critic, after owning that he had nothing to say, ended his article on the Indian debate by stating it to be his opinion generally that there was something very wrong in Indian Government, and that this wrong something was "somebody's" fault. There was not the slightest suggestion whatever that the somebody could be detected. But it was a relief to the critic, as he hoped it would be to his readers, to indulge in this vague blame. Unfortunately, in large matters like Indian Government, there is not much benefit to be derived from this kitchen sort of criticism. It is of no use to survey the British Empire and to end by exclaiming, "Drat the maids." Unless we can show that a particular individual has been guilty of a specific and punishable delinquency, it is pure waste of time to say that the errors made by a free Christian country in governing despotically two hundred millions of heathens are all somebody's fault.

Of course, nine-tenths of the evils of the human race are somebody's fault; but they are not the fault of a particular and a responsible somebody. A traveller, for instance, in the agricultural districts of England sees a labourer's cottage, ill-built, sordid, smelling, fever-haunted. That such a den should be the home of an English family is somebody's fault. But if the traveller attempts to decide whose fault it is, he will find himself involved in a labyrinth of conflicting considerations. The man who owns it is probably not the man who caused it to be built. The fault lies, therefore, with the first proprietor; but when it was built, the system of taxation then prevalent may have largely influenced the badness of the building, and the notion of combination had not sufficiently entered into the minds of men to make sanitary arrangements on a large scale seem possible, even if they had been thought desirable. Neither in the religious nor the moral opinion of the day was there a sufficient force to protest against the evil effects of huddling families together without proper accommodation. When he thinks of these things, the traveller will be inclined to absolve the builder of the cottage from almost all responsibility, and will turn to the present proprietor as the somebody in fault. But he will find just as many palliating circumstances in that quarter. The case where a landlord can afford to pull down the old bad cottage at

once, and immediately build up a good new cottage, and then let the new cottage at the same rent as the old one, is so rare that no general rule can be framed on it. We cannot expect that every owner of a cottage should relieve his conscience at a sacrifice of a hundred pounds. Cottage property is disagreeable property, and is mostly held by persons of small means, and the sacrifice would be utterly impossible in most instances. So all the landlord can do is to make small alleviations of the misery he sees. He can clean a ditch or add a porch, or re-floor a room, but more cannot be expected. Who, then, is the "somebody" that is in fault? The traveller will be puzzled to say. But still there is a sort of traveller who, having moralized over the spectacle, will seek refuge and consolation in a platitude, and will book in his journal the remark that the cottage is a disgrace to England, a moral plague-spot, a heavy burden on somebody's shoulders, and will then think he has done his duty, and will proceed to record contentedly how he lost and found his carpet-bag.

In public matters it is much the same. There are, for instance, the existing fortifications of this country. Clearly they are somebody's fault. It cannot be nobody's fault if, as is stated, the defences of the Isle of Wight would go bodily into the sea if the crumbling rock on which they are built were shaken by the explosion of artillery. It cannot be nobody's fault that the defences of Plymouth are so arranged that the dockyard might be shelled with comfort and certainty from a neighbouring height. It seems as if, in instances like these, we must be in a position not only to say it is somebody's fault, but to say who the somebody is. We shall find ourselves disappointed. It will of course turn out that the works were constructed by the advice of some eminent engineer. Possibly, the eminent engineer had the privilege of consulting and being consulted by some very eminent person in another line of life. As it happens, the eminent and the very eminent man have turned out to be quite in the wrong. They have made what we will assume is a mistake. But the only practicable remedy is, that the Government of the day should, for other works, consult somebody else. The mistaken engineer was a proper person to make the works; the very eminent person had a right to have his opinion attended to; and when the proper persons, acting in the line of their duty, make mistakes, however gross, it is no use hunting them down. For there is always so much to be said for them. It is so difficult to prove the mistake is a mistake. It is so difficult to bring home to them a definite amount of responsibility. And if they are attacked with partial but not complete success, there is a strong disposition on the part of their superiors, and of official society generally, to pay them for being attacked. Mr. Vernon Smith (to use the name by which he is familiar) stated that he had been raised to the peerage, and thus received the same honour as Lord Clyde, simply because, in a very critical time, the press had questioned whether he was of sufficient eminence and ability to occupy satisfactorily what was then the most anxious, laborious, and responsible office under the British Crown. We do not mean by selecting this instance to be understood as in any way attacking, or reproaching, or underrating Lord Liveden; for if we did, he would, we fear, be raised at once to a dukedom. But it may be said, perhaps without any risk of advancing him in the peerage, that his history is not likely to act as an encouragement to assert openly that "somebody's fault" is the fault of a particular somebody.

Unless there is a clear, crushing, unmistakable case of a delinquency that is little less than a crime, it is no use in great public questions to proceed against individuals. In proportion as there is a specific fault that can be definitely pointed out, the press may beneficially draw attention to the shortcomings of public servants; but vague denunciations of unknown public wrongdoers only foster the error that great changes for good can be effected by examining the conduct of individuals. Large questions must always be looked at in a large way, and if an evil is wide-spread, the remedy must be indirect and partial. We must begin a long way back. The removal of the tax on bricks and glass was a real step towards improving the cottages of the poor. To remove the great abuses that, in the opinion not only of civilians, but of the best men of the two professions, hamper our naval and military services, we must not begin by thinking that these abuses are "somebody's fault," but by going as far to the root of them as possible. Much more good is to be done by forcing the subject on the attention of the public, and by making them take a strong interest in the all-important question of the defences of the country, than by detecting and exposing the errors of individuals. We do not in the least wish to deprive the press of that great engine for promoting a healthy tone of public opinion which it possesses in its power to make any portion of the conduct of public servants the prominent topic of temporary interest. But the limit of the usefulness of attacking individuals is very soon reached, and the attitude of criticism which is displayed in pronouncing Indian misgovernment to be "somebody's fault"—not the assignable fault of any assignable persons, but merely somebody's fault—is worse than useless. It impels the public into a wrong course. It makes them consider the petty consequences of a system instead of examining the nature of the system itself. It encourages the delusive expectation that, if some one could be caught and shown up, all would be right. A nation that, in critical times, falls foul of its officials, instead of reviewing its method of government, is unfit to govern.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES ON FRENCH POLITICS.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* has lately published one of those articles on the recent history of France which are perhaps the most melancholy memorials supplied by our generation of the defeat of a noble cause and the triumph of the basest of tyrannies. In the most obvious sense, nothing can be more affecting and more discouraging than to see the intellect of a nation thrown, as it were, out of gear, and reduced to hint a fault and hesitate dislike when it ought to be the organ of the just indignation of a whole country. In the present condition of France, however, nothing more is possible; and to make even these guarded protests against the tyranny which is a curse to France and a standing menace to Europe requires no common degree of courage and ingenuity. The fact that men are still found who have sensibility enough to feel the degradation of their country, and courage enough to express their feelings, is almost the only circumstance in the condition of France which can be viewed with satisfaction. It is a great thing that there are still to be found those who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and though it might have been anticipated that the persons so distinguished would be the most conspicuous men of their time for general power of mind, it is not less satisfactory to discover that in fact they are so. The cowardly exhortations which have lately been given to the English press to abstain from criticising the proceedings of the Emperor may perhaps be seen in their true light by those who observe that there is no man in France of any sort of consideration who would not agree in those criticisms, if he were not carefully prevented by physical force from saying any considerable part of what he thinks.

The article to which we allude is a review by M. Ernest Rénan of M. Guizot's *Memoirs*. M. Rénan's learning and abilities are well known to every Englishman who cares about contemporary French literature; and, like every other living Frenchman of eminence, he feels in the keenest manner the degradation of the position to which his country is reduced. This sentiment cannot, of course, be openly or fully expressed, but it manifests itself unmistakably in every part of M. Rénan's essay on the characteristics of the policy of Louis Philippe. It is in every way a most melancholy retrospect. The decline and fall of French liberty are traced to causes which lie so deep that it is hard to see how they are to be reached and cured. The first of them is that rooted habit of unfairness and hostility which has characterized the opposite parties of French politicians at so many stages of the national history. The vehemence with which each side contended for the mastery was so great that professed Liberals, who had just been the principal promoters of a Liberal revolution, passed the most tyrannical laws for mere party purposes. Within two months from the three days of July, two articles of the *Code Penal* were declared to be in full force, by virtue of which it was made a crime to belong to any voluntary association for the promotion of "objets religieux, littéraires, politiques ou autres," without the permission of the Government, granted on such terms as it might choose to impose. Such was the law which the bourgeoisie, after overthrowing Charles X., demanded from Louis Philippe. So long as the temporary purpose of restraining those whom they looked upon as their bitter enemies was attained, they were altogether indifferent to the establishment of principles which, at a later period, told with terrible effect against themselves. It is a very singular fact, and one which deserves the careful attention of those who are in the habit of insisting on the logical character of the French, that they never appear to have perceived the consequences of establishing unjust principles in order to obtain a momentary advantage. This defect of their character has shown itself at several points in their history, but during the last thirty years it has manifested itself with a force and frequency hitherto unknown. M. Rénan paints with great force, both of thought and language, the servile and despotic means which were employed for the establishment of constitutional liberty; and he exposes with equal vigour the falsehood of the notion that the small objects which were pursued by those who broke through every principle of liberty in order to preserve what they called public order, were really attained. Liberty, he says, is essential not only to the development of individual character, but also to the stability of society; and despotism, by imposing on every one the alternative of absolute submission or clandestine conspiracy, necessarily inaugurates an age of bloodshed, revolution, and suspicion.

It is perhaps in regard to the ultimate result which he deduces from his review of the principal features of the history of the last generation of Frenchmen that M. Rénan is most impressive. The fate which lies before his country, and the instruments by which that fate is to be brought about, are each pointed out in a manner which is as perspicuous as it is melancholy. Liberty, he says, is the only remedy for the evils which oppress the country. "Et qu'on ne dise pas que c'est là un idéal réservé pour un lointain avenir et qu'il faut encore à la France une longue éducation pour être capable de le réaliser. S'il en est ainsi laissons toute espérance. Si la France n'est pas mûre pour la liberté elle ne le sera jamais. L'éducation politique ne se fait point par le despotisme; un peuple qui a longtemps subi le système administratif ne fait que s'y enfoncer de plus en plus." It is the administration, he says, which is destroying the energy of the nation. "Au bout de cinquante ans elle aura cent fois plus

extenué la nation que ne l'aurait fait une série de guerres civiles et religieuses."

There is not in all Europe a more melancholy or a more instructive spectacle. Of the many observations which it suggests we must content ourselves with adverting to a very few. The first remark which occurs upon it is one to which we have several times referred, and which has a cheerful as well as an anxious side. It is that the landowners of this country have before them at the present day an opportunity of benefiting themselves and their country of which it is extremely difficult to overrate the importance. Every nation wants, in one shape or another, a vast deal of governing, and this must be done in one of three ways. Either the local officers must be paid by the central government and take their orders from it, which is the system of France—or they must be locally elected, as is the practice in the United States, the consideration for their services consisting in the authority and patronage which they confer—or public functions must be discharged gratuitously by persons who receive their appointments from the central government, but are independent of it when appointed. Where there is anything in the nature of an aristocracy, the last of these arrangements is, for a variety of sufficiently obvious reasons, much the best which it is possible to invent. Its curse is the ignorance and inefficiency of those who administer the system. Its great advantage is their high spirit, their independence, and the high level of feeling and intelligence which they have it in their power to attain, if they do not give way to the indifference and sluggishness which are their besetting sins. In some particulars, English country gentlemen are in an invidious position, and if it were not for that noble absence of envy which is a characteristic, equally creditable and peculiar, of the English nation, they would probably be exposed to a considerable degree of odium; but they have it in their power to destroy any inclination towards this feeling by making it their occupation and their point of honour to do gratuitously for England what the swarms of préfets, sous-préfets, procureurs de l'empereur, &c., are paid to do for France. If they knew their own interest, and wished to justify their own position, they would study every possible mode of finding public occupations with which their leisure might be worthily and usefully occupied. They would avail themselves of every possible opportunity for increasing the duties of magistrates, of the Quarter Sessions, and of grand juries. If they were really in earnest in their wish for gratuitous public employment, they might easily find a vast amount of it, the discharge of which is absolutely essential, not only to the prosperity, but, in some instances, to the safety of the nation. If the country gentlemen did their duty, we should have a militia, a yeomanry, and a system of volunteer corps which, without endangering the liberties of the country, would absolutely secure it against invasion. The administration of justice and of the Poor-law is already, to a considerable extent, in their hands. If they were aware of the incalculable importance of those functions to the maintenance and justification of their own position, we should hear less often of the ignorance with which the one function is discharged, and of the cruel selfishness which, in what are called close parishes, too often disgraces the administration of the other. It is a painful thing to see a bench of country magistrates at the mercy of their clerk whenever anything like a point of law arises, and it is humiliating to listen to the stumbling and incorrect reading over of the depositions which, in a trial at the Quarter Sessions, is generally dignified by the name of a summing up. No one is fit to be the owner of a considerable estate who is altogether ignorant of law, of political economy, or of the rudiments of military discipline; yet how small a proportion of those who occupy the position have ever taken the pains to acquire any solid knowledge upon these points!

Apart from the value which may belong to such considerations as these in connexion with the condition of our own country, M. Rénan's observations throw light upon a kind of speculation which we may hope has attained its maximum of popularity, and which has always appeared to us to involve fallacies the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. For many years past a kind of fatalistic optimism has prevailed, which lies at the bottom of a vast proportion of the commonplaces which are continually dinned into our ears about progress and civilization. We are continually told that such and such measures are right, and ought to be promoted, because they are involved in the theory of progress and demanded by civilization. This view of life has, indeed, come to assume a sort of sanctity, and to question it is supposed to be a way of contesting the most sacred truths of religion. Nothing can set in a stronger light the essential feebleness of mind which characterizes a large proportion of commonplace speculation, and the power which anything that passes in the immediate neighbourhood of the observer usually possesses of blinding him to all other considerations. Of that large number of persons who continually repeat the familiar commonplaces on the two much-injured words in question, not one in a thousand has really considered how the language which he uses is affected by the existence of the Arabs, the Negroes, the Hindoos, the Chinese, and other nations, which we agree to call barbarous, but which make up perhaps as much as three-fourths of the whole human race. Still less do they consider what is really a far more important truth even than this—the fact, namely, that the condition of the vast majority of that very small minority of the human race whose history affords some colour for their opinion has altered very little indeed for many centuries, and remains to the

present day very much what it always was in all the most important points by which the formation of human character is influenced. It is perfectly true that the germs of the French Revolution, moral, intellectual, and political, may be traced back to a very great distance of time; but it may well be doubted whether the points of resemblance between the peasantry of the time of Louis XVI. and those of the days of Louis XI. were not far more important than the points of contrast between them. The elements of life which are subject to change have never been properly classified and compared with those which are constant. If the operation were ever performed, it would probably appear that it is upon the latter class of elements that the dignity and substantial happiness and greatness of mankind depends, and that the variable elements only set the others in different lights, more or less striking. For example a rude nation may be free. That it will, in the course of time, cease to be rude, as wealth accumulates and science advances, may be predicted with confidence; but whether its freedom will be maintained under its altered circumstances depends upon considerations of an entirely different order. Rich and polished nations may be miserable, and may degenerate like rich and polished men. The only progress which we can confidently expect is progress in wealth, and in the growth of that class of feelings which wealth favours, and which may perhaps be included under the general description of good nature. The only progress which is worth having is that which consists in the improvement of the men and women of whom States are composed, and that progress may often be checked or destroyed by the too rapid growth of the other.

UNGRATEFUL ITALY.

THE first act of the great drama being ended, the French nation betakes itself with happy versatility to the excitements and pleasures which belong to the next stage of the proceedings. The curtain fell upon a carnage-stained battle-field, and upon the two Emperors standing horrified and conscience-smitten at the havoc which they had brought about. When it rises again, we find ourselves among banquets and triumphal arches; the air is heavy with incense; the Te Deums of a grateful nation fall upon the ear; and the victorious leader, laurel-crowned at the threshold of his home by his infant son, banishes the reminiscences of the campaign in agricultural experiments. The school-boys of Paris are busy turning congratulatory addresses into Latin prose, and—most edifying spectacle of all—M. Granier de Cassagnac sets to work to read the Italians a lecture for their dulness in comprehending the blessings which have just been conferred upon them. M. de Cassagnac has scarcely the heart to believe that they are really ungrateful. "It would be too sad to believe in it." Still they do not, somehow or other, seem as pleased as they ought at the turn that matters have taken. "The conclusion of the peace has suddenly stifled their cries, frozen their souls, killed their hopes and illusions; and, at first blush, Italy delivered has not much differed from Italy oppressed." It is sad, indeed! Men never know when they are really blest. Like another nation proverbial for its hard-heartedness, the Italians turn their back on their best friend, and are obstinately blind as to the things which belong unto their peace. They are fortunate in having so faithful an adviser as M. de Cassagnac. He recalls to their too feeble memories all that his master has done and suffered on their behalf. It is right that the world should know it. The vastness of the undertaking, the benevolence of the giver, the unworthiness of the recipients, all shall be set down in black and white for mankind to behold. "The grandeur of the attempt shall, if necessary, elucidate the enormity of the ingratitude."

M. de Cassagnac's explanation is necessarily a panegyric. Its language is as strong as the most fervent adorer of Imperialism could desire. In a few epigrammatic sentences the Emperor is demonstrated to be the first among princes, the *flor regum* of this latter age, the most courageous, the most far-sighted, the most disinterested of his species. The war was a blaze of triumph, its ends have been attained, the Emperor's promises have been "completely fulfilled." Italy understands that she is really free. If she does not understand, so much the worse for her. O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint! O blind Italians, who are so free, so happy, if you only knew it! Emphatic as it is, however, we doubt whether M. de Cassagnac's statement will do much towards allaying the alarm of the Italian nation. Suspicion and distrust are scarcely to be got over by rhetoric. Some awkward facts still remain unexplained. It may be true that in resolving upon his war scheme the Emperor was confronted by obstacles which possibly he alone of modern rulers would have had "the resolution to meet, and the power to overcome." There was, no doubt, an aversion to war felt generally throughout Europe; there was distrust of the Italians; there was the difficulty of keeping the idea of nationality distinct from that of revolution; there was the possibility of demagogic outbreak. It is true that, in the face of all this, the Emperor sent his army across the Alps, and succeeded in a few weeks in driving the Austrians to take refuge in their fortresses. But it is equally true, on his own showing, that these difficulties, though they did not prevent him from going to war, obliged him to abandon it unfinished. We have not forgotten what he told us about a war on the Rhine, and an insurrection in Hungary—of a contest assuming proportions so enormous that no result could

justify its further continuance. To have persisted in it, says M. de Cassagnac, "would have cost the abandonment of the principles of order, and the adoption of the principles of revolution—of agitation for the present, and an abyss for the future." The Italians could not be expected to know all this beforehand, but the Emperor very well might have reckoned on it; and those who suffer by his tardy discovery of the truth are naturally disappointed and aggrieved. They might well expect that a man so profoundly versed in the mysteries of statecraft, so intimate with the other ruling Powers, so familiar with the phenomena of popular movements, would not have embarked their nation and his own in so tremendous an undertaking without counting its cost, and in some degree anticipating its results. They were promised liberty from the Alps to the Adriatic, and they are naturally surprised when the scheme is left half fulfilled, and causes alleged for its abandonment which must have been foreseen from the outset. They forgot that Louis Napoleon was not only liberator of Italy, but Emperor of France—that he has home duties which must take precedence of his self-imposed task of benevolence. He cannot "compromise the destinies" of his empire. The Italians would admit this, but they have a right to complain that so important a reservation found no place in the original offer, and that contingencies which were all along so extremely probable are made the ground for asking them to acquiesce in so partial a realization of their hopes. To be sure, the Mincio is not quite the same as the Adriatic. Venice may feel herself a little hardly treated. The great Quadrangle may stand frowning upon the birth of freedom, and ready to crush it at a moment's notice. The programme is not quite complete, but will Italians therefore be discontented and suspicious? Cannot they forgive this little shortcoming? "Will Italy refuse this sacrifice to the Emperor and to France, who have made such great sacrifices for her?" M. de Cassagnac's moral feeling revolts at a supposition so discreditable to human nature. What a stab at the tender heart of the great Imperial Benefactor! How sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless nation, who looks only at what it has failed to receive, and while its friends are pouring out blood and treasure in its behalf, can have the conscience to grumble about a wretched little territory, an extra Grand Duke or two, and a few simple fortresses!

But it is not, we imagine, the incompleteness of the announced settlement, so much as its uncertainty, which has turned the rejoicings of Italy into a cry of despair. There is an awful reticence on the part of those who are most in a position to relieve the prevailing anxiety. There are symptoms which, in the absence of express statement, may well alarm the most sanguine of the Liberal party. A peace that drives M. Cavour from office, and fills the *Univers* with triumph, may justly be regarded with suspicion. Freedom, when conferred by the hand of despotism, must be explicit and intelligible if it wishes to be believed in. As yet, Italians may be excused for being sceptical. The recall of the Sardinian commissioners from the insurgent States, and the refusal of permission to Sardinian officers to remain with the revolutionary forces, would seem to point unmistakably to a pressure from without upon that Government which is forcing them unwillingly to the abandonment of the Liberal cause. On the other hand, the Court of Rome is allowed to illustrate the liberal tendencies attributed to it by M. de Cassagnac by a mercurial sentence upon the unhappy partakers in the outbreak at Perugia. The idea of the Confederation and the Papal Presidency seems day by day less likely to be realized. As matters stand at present, the Emperor of the French has left the Peninsula in a state of excitement, confusion, and uncertainty, that must be almost insupportable to that great mass of sober and patriotic citizens, whose resolutions, calmness, and powers of organization are now the admiration of Europe. "Henceforth," says M. de Cassagnac, "Italian nationality exists, if the Italians are clever and wise enough to turn to account the advantages which the peace secures to them." The statement is a bold one, and contains the elements of a monstrous injustice. If Italian nationality fails to be secured by the present movement, it will certainly not be in consequence of any want of cleverness and wisdom on the part of the Italians. All accounts agree in extolling the order, discipline, and devotion with which the national cause is being conducted. Nor will it be from any lukewarmness or distrust on the part of the emancipated nation towards their liberators. Nothing can be more pathetically sincere than the language of the various addresses of Italian towns to the French Emperor and his army. Nor will it be owing to the absence of a centre round which the various powers of the nation may range themselves. Italy has such a centre in the Sardinian Government. "We will never," cries Garibaldi, "detach ourselves from the sacred programme of Italy and Victor Emmanuel." The causes of her ruin, should it come, will be from without; and Italians, till they know more, may well tremble at the mysterious councils of the two despots to whose newly-cemented friendship their hopes of freedom are entrusted.

MR. AND MRS. SICKLES.

IT is difficult, and more than difficult, to fathom, or even to apprehend, the great American mind in its popular aspect. What it seems to reproduce on the most exaggerated scale is the manner of life and the domestic habits of English village society. The same taste for scandal and gossiping, the same pretentious

self-important estimate of their own petty local concerns, the same habit in which everybody indulges, of canvassing everybody else's business, characterize our Transatlantic cousins and our own rural communities. That America has no stake in general politics and in the comity of nations, that it has a very cheap press, and that most of its life is spent in boarding-houses and drinking-bars, accounts for the fact that the occurrences which agitate public opinion and engage public talk are of a character infinitely small and degradingly personal and petty. A low moral tone always prevails in a narrow society. A small English country town is the epitome in its general talk and local interest of all that is narrow-minded. And the United States reproduce this. The American newspapers only print what the market-place, and tea-table, and the reading-room of one of our own agricultural towns indulge in. Were it not for the scale on which public interests are pitched in England by our connexion with a large and elevating system such as that which the great European political family involves, we might perhaps, with our cheap newspapers, be soon brought down to the American standard. Foreign politics keep us from stagnating into the scum of American public matters. The United States is not yet a great nation; and hence it is that a great murder or a great adultery case, or a very remarkable Barnum dodge, occupies the whole community with general talk for six months.

Mr. Sickles, the honourable gentleman who killed his wife's paramour in a very cold-blooded and business-like way in the streets of Washington, is again the one subject of universal public concern and interest throughout the United States—or rather he has never ceased to be before the American public. The American public took kindly to Mr. Sickles; and Mr. Sickles certainly took kindly to American publicity. The two were eminently suited for each other. There was just that amount of sympathy which was mutually attractive. The one liked to afford a public topic, and the other found in Mr. Sickles a congenial article. The cause which first brought him into notoriety was an event commonplace enough; and, though it had no romance, it might readily be invested with that sort of interest which exactly suits a nation eminently given over to gossip and petty scandal. The excitement about Mr. Sickles and his wife and his wife's lover was of the most depraved and unhealthy character. It disgraced while it characterized the whole people.

The question as to the degree of guilt incurred by a husband in assassinating an adulterer is not a very easy one. Like most other moral questions, it depends a good deal upon circumstances; no general rule can, or ought to be, laid down about it. To slaughter an adulterer may be, in a moral estimate, almost anything, from very foul murder to very justifiable homicide. But this was not the way in which the public talk of America dealt with the great Sickles case. Mr. Sickles represented a principle; and that principle, as settled by the American mind—at least as represented by the American newspapers, by the American counsel, and by the American verdict on the trial of Mr. Sickles for murder—is that it is a high kind of duty in a husband to pistol, after due deliberation, the dishonourer of his bed, as the slang phrase is. Of this principle Sickles was the hero. It is a very doubtful and questionable principle indeed—one neither to be laid down broadly nor argued over consistently. Still it was adopted by American public opinion, and Mr. Sickles embodied it. It was taken up as a great tribute to domestic morality. So pure ought the marriage relation to be that its infringement could only be washed out in blood. Very grand and tall talk this, but very questionable morally. After all, supposing it to be true, which it is not, all this was a very one-sided estimate of adultery. If adultery is to be punished with death, judicial or extrajudicial, one can see no reason why it should be one-sided. It may be doubted whether, in most cases of adultery or so-called seduction, the guilt is not pretty equally divided between the man and the woman. We certainly never wished to see Mrs. Sickles or her paramour brought to the scaffold or the stake by an indignant public virtue, or lynched by a caucus jury of matrons; but we cannot quite understand why one party is always the victim and the other the villain too black to live, which is both the American and English estimate of these cases. But, side by side with the indignation against the heartless seducer there was, as is usual, a large amount of popular sympathy with Mr. Sickles. Mrs. Sickles, after the discovery of her guilt, was said to have done some very romantic and edifying things. She sent back her wedding-ring, and wrote some wonderful letters, which of course were published and talked about through the Union. Mrs. Sickles was quite as representative a person as her husband. She suited public sympathy, because she was a fine subject for public talk. And so it has turned out that this pair, so suited to each other, because so suited to the same thing—namely, American sentiment—have come together again. Mr. Sickles represented marital indignation—Mrs. Sickles represented conjugal repentance. Of course there is a good deal to be said for either—*declamatio fiat*. It is a subject for themes and leading articles, where there is nothing of larger and nobler interest to discuss. We are not going to canvass the question, except in a very cursory way. We do not say that all avenging husbands are wrong in taking the law into their own hands—though we do say that Mr. Sickles ought to have been judged by the law, and not by a theory of domestic necessities. But when he had once pistolled his man, and had been tried and acquitted for the

murder, there was an end of him as a public character. One would have thought that, as an American citizen, he had done his best for his country by furnishing it with an occasion of small-talk and very small moral disquisition for six months. Having celebrated himself once, he might have lived on his celebrity.

But a nobler future was reserved for Mr. Sickles. Whether it was that he was himself attracted by the same soft infection which enlisted American feeling in favour of his wife—or whether, as we have said, it was by some necessity of the case that two public notables should attract each other—or whether it was that, so pleased was Mr. Sickles with being the object of universal discussion, that he was resolved to keep himself and his private concerns before the public—for either or all of these reasons Mr. Sickles has thought fit to forgive his guilty wife, and to restore her to bed and board. We do not say that the wish to become the subject of American interest was connected with Mr. Sickles' romantic conduct; but it is just the sort of incident which is eminently suited for American sentimentality. It can be discussed, and certainly is discussed, with a very keen and general interest, both on abstract grounds and as regards the individuals. We are not going to give a judgment on the antecedent question. To forgive an adulteress is an heroic height of charity which is not given to all men; and perhaps it is as well that this sublime virtue is generally found to be unattainable by ordinary husbands—though to forgive and to cohabit with an adulteress are not quite the same thing. The Laureate, in his recent volume, has touched the theme, and marked the distinction with his usual refined delicacy and precision. The Arthur of Tennyson, we must say, is the very opposite of Sickles, both in his bloody revenge and in his astounding and exuberant facility of reconciliation. Mr. Sickles is a very copper-gilt hero, both as an avenger and in his mood of mercy. Still, we do not say that Mr. Sickles is wrong. Though, of course, in his case, such conduct is wonderfully inconsistent; and the argument, not against the injured but forgiving husband in the abstract, but against this Mr. Sickles in particular, is terribly strong. If the guilt of adultery was so atrocious, then Mrs. Sickles had committed an unpardonable sin, and her husband ought not to have "restored her to his confidence and protection," as he prettily puts it—if penitence and pardon are so lovely—Mr. Sickles himself was guilty of the cruellest of murders in cutting off Mrs. Sickles' paramour from the opportunity for the same edifying conversion which she has exhibited. We repeat that we say nothing of the case itself. Mrs. Sickles may be the most sincere of penitents, though, under the circumstances, no other line but that of "the erring and penitent wife" was open to her; and Mr. Sickles may be perfectly right in taking her back. We know so little about the particular case that we give no opinion. It is a matter of morality to which we cannot apply a general canon without more intimate knowledge than we possess—it is a matter of taste which is no concern of ours. But it is a question of special and personal concern to the American public mind. America takes up the affair very warmly. It is disappointed in its hero. The injured husband and the dire vindicator of conjugal purity has shown himself too easy or too forgiving by half. America has no patience with Mr. Sickles. At least ten articles a day are written against Sickles and his domestic *réunion*. And Mr. Sickles has written to the newspapers vindicating his forgiveness on very high and transcendental sentimental grounds. His defence was quite uncalled for. He had a perfect right to please himself. What he should have denounced and defied was the tribunal of public opinion. Public opinion had really nothing to do with Mr. Sickles' unusual domestic tastes and his abnormal conjugal arrangements. We much regret when anybody—be he American senator or English novelist—either when he quarrels with his wife or arranges matrimonial difficulties, to speak euphemistically, makes the public, or permits the public to make itself, a party to the concerns of private life. It is only a low and vulgar morality which can either endure or urge the appeal. The husband who challenges the award of publicity, and the public which permits itself to interfere and to canvass such matters, are alike to blame. We hardly know which most to find fault with—the interference with Mr. Sickles' private life, or Mr. Sickles' vindication of what is the concern of no human being but himself. But to conclude with what we began, it is only in Little Pedlington and the United States that Mr. and Mrs. Sickles could furnish a subject of national interest.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S CHINA.

ON Saturday last, Mr. Albert Smith took his leave of the public, with the promise to return "with the cattle-show and the pantomimes;" and he delivered an address upon the occasion which, more than all his lectures and patter songs, explains the true nature of the relation that exists between him and his audience, and shows clearly where the taste of the one and the ambition of the other lie. When people go to the Egyptian Hall and see and hear Mr. Smith, they are apt to fancy him a very happy man. They know him to have been for many years by far the most popular of all the entertainers of the public. They believe him to be successful, if not to the full extent of his own wish—for which of us ever attains that degree of success?—at least to a very enviable extent. They see before them a jolly-looking gentleman, the very embodiment of animal spirits and good

humour. They picture to themselves the happiness of a man whose most arduous task is the picking up of the gold and silver showered into that Hall which his powers have converted into a Tom Tiddler's ground—whose gravest duty is to amuse a kindly audience, which greets him as an old friend at his entrance, and laughs at all his jokes, and applauds all his songs—whose only care is to extract from his morning's *Times* one or two pat allusions for his evening's song of "Galignani's Messenger." For so blithe a life we find no parallel in the world of man. It is the existence of a butterfly—what do we say? of a humble bee rather—a jocosely humble bee, roaming over fields of comic thyme and gathering golden honey. But, alas, how delusive are those outward signs by which we judge of human happiness! Liston, the king of farceurs, was a prey to melancholy. Grimaldi was meditating suicide while his audience were dying with laughter at his drollery. The Sultan, blessed with a harem of languishing houris, does not, as is pointed out by the convivial moralist, lead a life of unmingled felicity; and, like the Sultan, Mr. Albert Smith "is not a happy man."

There is a manly pathos about his farewell address. Not that he affects a feeling of sadness at parting with his friends of the season—on the contrary, he is undisguisedly glad to get away and enjoy the holiday he so well deserves; but because it is a farewell address in more senses than one. It is a farewell to an ambition cherished, who can tell how long?—to hopes that, for all we know, have stimulated him in youth and cheered him in middle age. Mr. Albert Smith has been trying to be one thing, the public wants him to be something else, and at last he perceives that there is no use in protracting the struggle any further. "I have been led," he says, and he says it more in sorrow than in anger, "to the conviction—painful for an intelligent mind to contemplate in this age of progress and high-pressure intellect—that my audiences did not care one straw for mere instruction, unless it slipped into my lecture under the cover of a joke or allusion, but that they came here entirely to be amused; and that Brown on the Pyramids and Edwards on the Canton River riveted their attention at once, when young Ahoy the tailor, and even the great Yeh himself, were only politely tolerated." An ambitious man checked in full career is always a touching spectacle. Cardinal Wolsey surrendering the Great Seal has moistened many an eye. Mr. Samuel Warren vacating his seat for Midhurst also drew tears after his own fashion; and surely Mr. Smith resigning all pretensions to be a popular instructor, albeit we were unaware of those pretensions, has a certain claim upon our sympathy. Although that claim is urged upon us in moderate language, although he tries to pass the matter off with a jest, let us not hastily assume that the disappointment is a slight one, or that he does not feel, with poor Keats, that there is "no fiercer hell than failure in a great object." For was it not a great object to offer instruction in such an attractive form that those who came to laugh should stay to learn—to convey the solid nutriment of useful information in a didactic sandwich, between layers of flimsy yet toothsome joke and allusion? Even in its more selfish aspect his aim was still a noble one. Without saying anything disrespectful to the profession of a joker, we may fairly assume that there are other callings which a man, as he advances in life, would prefer to it. It is all very well in the heyday of youth and spirits, but as years roll on, the conviction will steal upon the mind that a middle-aged or elderly joker is very much what the Ettrick Shepherd described a clever lad of thirty-five or forty—"Just the maist melancholy sight in nature." If, as is not unlikely, it was some feeling of this sort, assisted by a desire for the welfare of his species, which stimulated Mr. Smith to try to be something more than a mere funny man, ought we not to sympathize with his justifiable ambition, and to commiserate his failure?

But the case has this additional hardship—that not only is he prevented from becoming the thing he desires to be, but he is compelled to be the thing his soul abhors. It is bad enough that, after all his trouble in preparing sandwiches, the public should take his bread-and-butter and go to the regular beef and ham shops for its more solid refreshment—that when he follows the example of the *blandis doctores* referred to by the poet, his pupils should take advantage of his excessive blandness to devour all his *crustula*, and decline having anything to say to his *elementa prima*. But there is this special aggravation—that he has a rooted objection to cutting bread-and-butter, and hates the confectionary business with a fervent hatred. In fact, to drop metaphor, he who has been protesting all his life against wags is condemned by the *vox populi* to toil henceforth from day to day in waggery's delusive mine. It reminds us of a tale we once read somewhere, of a philosopher who, by precept and example, always discouraged the use of water, whether as a beverage or a detergent. But, unfortunately, so the story goes, being afflicted with an obstinate cold in the head, he was forced by his medical adviser to submit to the indignity of putting his feet in warm water. As his weeping pupils stood round the tub containing those beloved feet at which they were wont to sit and hear the words of wisdom, the sage, who, like all the sages of antiquity, had a gift for improving the occasion, thus addressed them:—"Behold, my friends, how vain it is for man to struggle against the decrees of fate! Here am I, who for threescore years have consistently maintained water to be an abomination, obliged to do that which in effect, though not in intention, amounts to washing my feet." And so it is with Mr. Albert Smith. In his

lectures and in his amusing little books he never let slip an opportunity of being down upon funny men, and now he is forced to become a funny man himself. He has more than once turned into ridicule that simple creature, "the life of the party," and now it is settled that he is to be the life of a succession of parties at the Egyptian Hall. Is this destiny? Are we to regard it as a case parallel with that reported in the *Universal Spelling-book*, of the naughty little boy who mocked a beggar for squinting, and was immediately afflicted with an incurable squint himself?

But humanity and Mr. Buckle alike forbid us to be over-hasty to detect a judgment in the misfortune of a fellow-creature; and if the public rejects Mr. Smith as a philosopher and teacher, and insists upon treating him as a joker, we prefer to look upon it as a phenomenon which is traceable to natural causes. It must be because Mr. Smith is wrong in fancying that he is qualified to be a popular instructor, or else because the public is doubtful as to the value of Mr. Smith's instruction, or else because it likes him better in some other capacity. On more than one account we incline to the last of these reasons. Mr. Smith's popularity—laying aside his good humour, his attention to the comfort of his audience, and sundry other minor attractions of his entertainment—is due beyond a doubt to a certain latent negative ill-nature, which, it is to be feared, is inseparable from the mental constitution of the best and most amiable of us—the sort of ill-nature indicated by Rochefoucauld in that well-known aphorism the cynicism of which every one objects to, but the truth of which nobody can deny. To hold the mirror up to this ill-nature is the special gift of Mr. Smith. He is to a satirist what a sparrowhawk is to a falcon. His propensities and instincts are the same as those of the larger bird, but nature intended him to fly at smaller game. If wearing crinoline were a vice, carrying Murray's Handbook a meanness, or speaking bad French an offence against society, Mr. Albert Smith would be a Juvénal or a Thackeray. Hence it arises that a number of worthy people, who would not for the world say or hear a harsh word about their neighbours, enjoy thoroughly his quiet digs at some of the petty conventionalities of society. Miss A. likes to hear about "Baby Simmons," because it is so like Miss B. Miss B. revels in the description of a "prancer," because she finds it fits Miss A. exactly. C. rejoices in the account of Brown's monstache, because it reminds him of the figure his dear friend D. cut at Chamouni last year; and D. is enchanted with the song of the "Young English Traveller," because C. might well have been the hero of it, and so on. But when it comes to making fun of Commissioner Yeh's pigtail, or the English of young Ahoy, of course nobody cares about it. Such folk have no friends, and Mr. Smith may hit them as hard as he likes.

As to the question of Mr. Smith's fitness for the post of a popular instructor, or whether the public is justified in distrusting him in that capacity, it is not worth while to enter into it. It seems to be simply a case where the laws of the division of labour should be allowed to operate freely. When audiences come to the Egyptian Hall to be amused, why should they be instructed also? They have "Mangnall's Questions" and "Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge"—let them hear them. Besides which, it puts Mr. Smith into a false position. It is just the sort of thing he would be sure to "chaff" in any one else. Suppose a rival Albert Smith were to start up on the other side of the way, and deliver a lecture upon the Ascent of Piccadilly, what fun he could make of the Egyptian Hall, and, what is worse, just in the style of his original! With what breathless and stopless rapidity he would sketch off the salient points of the entertainment, and flippantly describe how the lecturer "goes into a long rigmarole about dromedaries having only one hump and camels the same and the dogs of St. Bernard never carrying kegs of brandy about their necks or travellers on their backs and a lot of other things that you don't care a straw about and he doesn't care a straw about either; but then you know it's popular information and that's the sort of thing to do." On the whole, although, as has been already said, we cannot help sympathizing with Mr. Smith, we must say the decision of his audiences seems to be a right one, and we trust he will bend to it with becoming resignation. Whether it be true or not that this is an age of "progress and high-pressure intellect," it is pretty clear that it is an age which likes to have its amusement and its instruction on separate plates, as Curran wished to have the flies and the butter. Fortune and his natural parts have made Mr. Albert Smith one of the amusers—a fact which his audiences have perceived more clearly than he has himself. Why, therefore, should he start in competition with people who are already established in the other line of business, and try to take the bread out of such honest mouths as those of Peter Parley and Mrs. Marcet?

REVIEWS.

RELIGION IN CHINA.*

THERE is probably no more curious subject of speculation than inquiry in the world than the condition of China. That vast and wonderful country has enjoyed for thousands of years some of the advantages which we are accustomed to look upon

* *The Religious Condition of the Chinese. With Observations on the Prospects of Christian Conversion amongst that People.* By Joseph Edkins. London: Routledge and Co. 1859.

as the latest results of an advanced civilization; and it is hardly too much to say that it alone of all the nations in the world appears to have attained that settled, stationary condition which our constant use of the word "progress" implies to be the highest—or at any rate the most desirable—condition which human society can attain. So forcibly has this consideration weighed upon the minds of some of our most remarkable thinkers, that to one of them at least (Mr. Mill) China appears as a sort of spectre. It shows, he seems to think, what we are coming to. There is to be seen, on the largest scale, the result of the final triumph of society and institutions over individuality. There is a perfect illustration of the character of a community organized entirely, or almost entirely, on one model, and from which every species of anomaly and compromise has been rigorously excluded. Western Europe has now, it is said, been struggling for some centuries towards uniform laws, social equality, the abolition of privileges, and the public recognition and investigation of the talents of individuals, in order that, when ascertained, their existence may be made the sole ground for such rewards in the way of honours and employments as society has to bestow. In several nations, considerable progress has been made towards the attainment of these objects—in all, the set of affairs is in that direction. The increase of knowledge and the progress of scientific discovery have removed many of the distinctions which anciently marked off classes and nations from each other, and there is every reason to suppose that they will speedily remove those which still exist. In China, says Mr. Mill, all the objects which we so passionately and perseveringly pursue have long been attained, and are as secure as institutions can make them; and the result has been to dwarf the human character to one of the lowest and most degraded types that any considerable section of our race has yet assumed. There is so much that is plausible in this argument, and its importance, if it is true, would be so enormously great, that the utmost interest must necessarily attach to everything which can enable us to form any sort of opinion as to the truth of the wide assertions on which it rests. The increasing intimacy of the intercourse of all European nations, and especially of our own, with China, has produced of late years a corresponding increase in the amount of our information respecting that country; and this information has been embodied in a variety of books of considerable though different degrees of merit. The works of Sir J. Davis, of Mr. Meadows, Mr. Fortune, and the Abbé Huc, have given us a very good earnest of what we may expect from the more extended means of information which Lord Elgin's treaty will afford.

Of this immense subject no branch has either so much general or so much special interest as that which relates to the religious condition of China. China is the only considerable existing heathen nation which retains any high degree of civilization, literature, or education. The civilization of heathen Europe is a thing of the past, and we are unable to realize or to study it without a great amount of research that can only be expended upon materials which are no longer susceptible of increase, and which, however industriously they may be used, are, in several most important particulars, exceedingly defective. China, on the other hand, is a living subject of study; and the amount of materials available for examining into its condition is practically unlimited. Apart, however, from this general consideration, a special interest attaches at present to the religion of the Chinese on account of the increased closeness of the relation into which we have recently been brought with heathenism in India. The cry that it is our duty as a Christian people to evangelize our Indian fellow-subjects, is attaining a magnitude which, in some points of view, may be matter of congratulation, but which, if we consider the ignorance and fanaticism of many of those who join in it, can hardly be regarded without serious apprehension. It is therefore matter of the highest interest and importance to form, if possible, some sort of estimate, upon evidence of a reasonable kind, of the nature of heathen religions, of their hold over the minds of those who profess them, and of the nature of the great enterprise of conversion which we are called upon by such sacred considerations to undertake.

Mr. Edkins's little work is rather a contribution towards the study of the vast subject to which it refers than a formal treatise upon it, but it is entitled to the praise of being a very instructive and spirited sketch of the subject to which it refers. It gives a broad outline of the principal characteristics of the three Chinese religions—Confucianism, Taonism, and Buddhism, in its northern and southern forms. The first is a system of morality. The second, according to Mr. Edkins, is a refined materialism, in which the soul is regarded as subtle matter attaining to future life only as the reward of goodness, but destined, in the common course of events, to be annihilated at the death of the body. Buddhism is a metaphysical creed, in which the human intellect undergoes a sort of deification, and heaven is replaced by *nirvana*, which represents the limit to which thought can go, and beyond which vacancy alone can be imagined. This creed is overlaid in the popular apprehension with a considerable variety of superstitions of a more or less arbitrary nature. The book also contains sketches of the state of Christian sects in China, including the Roman Catholics. Mr. Edkins is very sanguine in his view of the prospects of the conversion of the Chinese by Protestant missionaries.

He appears to rest his expectations on three grounds—the adaptation of Christianity to human nature in general, and in particular to those elements of it which the Chinese religions do not satisfy—the general diffusion of education amongst the common people—and the special case of the Taeping rebels, who, in his opinion, imbibed from the Bibles which had been supplied to them religious impressions at once much deeper and much more genuine than those which previous writers have been inclined to attribute to them. Each of these reasons is no doubt of considerable weight, but each of them suggests observations which are too frequently neglected by those who take the responsibility of urging upon the nation at large a line of conduct which, as competent observers consider, it would be extremely difficult to distinguish in the minds of the natives of India from compulsion, or at any rate, from undue influence.

First, it is alleged that Christianity must be welcome to the natives of China, because it supplies wants which their own religions do not satisfy. The adaptation of Christianity to human nature is no doubt the greatest of all arguments in favour of its truth, but it is one which requires more delicacy of handling than any other, for there is none upon which we are in so much danger of being misled by our own prepossessions. When we speak of "Christianity," our meaning is so very large as to be somewhat indefinite. The term necessarily involves not merely a particular list of doctrines, but a mixture of doctrines, practices, feelings, and habits of thought which have been formed in the course of a lifetime, by influences far too subtle and too numerous for analysis. To a very great extent we are what Christianity has made us, and we understand by Christianity that which has made us what we are. It is therefore next to impossible to abstract ourselves from Christian influences, and to say, upon an impartial view of them, whether or not they are fitted for human nature at large. To a Buddhist, a Confucian, or a Taonist, their respective creeds probably appear as necessary to the explanation or adequate conception of the world as Christianity appears to us. To Europeans, and especially to Europeans who have made great sacrifices for the sake of evangelizing heathen countries, the doctrines which, according to their view of the matter, are the essential parts of Christianity, have an evidence of their own. The ideas of sin, of redemption, of a future life, of a personal God, are the very breath of their nostrils, and colour every thought and action of their lives; but the opposite notions of the ultimate essential value of social morality, of the impenetrable character of the darkness which shuts in that narrow range of observation and sensation within which we feel and act, of the insolubility and unprofitableness of all questions about the existence or nature of supernatural beings, appear as immediate, as self-evident, and as necessary to the Confucian. "My religion," says the missionary, "will teach you about sin. It will show you that you are a miserable sinner, and inform you of the manner in which you may be freed from that misery, and from its consequences." "I have not the least notion what you mean by sin," answers the Chinese. "I have no sins," said one old man to Mr. Edkins. "I would not commit any sin. The money I owe to any one I give him. If I see a neighbour's child fall, I run and help him up." It was remarked to him, "Every one is a sinner; are you an exception?" To this he answered, "When my little girl had nothing to eat, and I possessed but fifteen cash (worth a penny), I spent them in buying food for my father." Mr. Edkins quietly observes upon this, that "such an appeal to acts of kindness and filial piety would appear perfectly natural and satisfactory to large numbers of this man's countrymen." The curious feature in this conversation is that it shows that it cost Mr. Edkins some trouble to realize the possibility of the existence of a class of people who did not instinctively adopt the theory of sin which he believes to lie at the base of all religion. He appears to look upon such a state of mind as something abnormal, which more experience and greater knowledge must of necessity remove, as they would remove errors about the figure of the earth or the recurrence of the tides. Surely, however, the state of feeling in question is one which, however false it may be, is at least natural and plausible. It prevailed not only extensively, but almost exclusively, in the heathen world before the introduction of Christianity; and though, in the course of the eighteen centuries which have passed away since that time, entirely different views have obtained currency, they have been fostered and developed by a set of habits and feelings which are entirely foreign to China. Mr. Edkins altogether omits to tell us how the want of the sentiments which are all but universal in Europe is to be dealt with by those who wish to convert the Chinese. Indeed, his surprise at the existence of such wants seems to be such that he thinks when he has pointed out the fact, he has done all that is necessary. To us, at least, it would be far more interesting to know by what process he proposes to infuse European and Christian ideas into minds which are altogether destitute of them. The enterprise certainly looks at first sight as if it went a step beyond that of persuading a blind man to take up a particular theory of the nature of colours; for the blind man can be easily persuaded of the fact that he is blind, whereas the Chinese would seem to have adopted views which exclude the fundamental ideas upon which duty is based, and to be perfectly satisfied with the result. To our minds, of course, there can be no comparison between the results of Christianity and Confucianism or Buddhism, but it would appear

little less difficult to bring a Chinese to see these matters from the same point of view as ourselves than to make him change the whole of the framework of his thoughts upon any other subject.

The fact that most of the Chinese can read, and that they are strongly disposed to read the Bible and to draw conclusions of their own from its teaching, is, no doubt, a very remarkable one—doubly remarkable when it is viewed, as it ought to be, in connexion with the Taeping rebellion. It has always seemed to us to be one of the wildest and most groundless of all the fancies that can enter the human mind to suppose that if a man is enabled to read the Bible, and is informed that it is an authoritative revelation from God to man, he will at once be able, without further assistance, to deduce from it a whole system of theological belief. He will deduce from it, no doubt, consequences of some kind or other; but those consequences will be coloured so strongly by all his preceding independent opinions, that the ultimate result is certain to be a compound of his own views with those which he will ascribe to the book supplied to him. He will unquestionably ascribe to it a sense entirely different from that which old associations and a long course of theological training, direct and indirect, render not only natural but almost self-evident to our minds. When an Englishman reads the Bible, he more or less unconsciously discriminates between the authority of different parts of it. However strong his views may be as to the divine origin and authority of the whole of each of the various books of which it is composed, he practically makes a selection, and takes into account a vast number of collateral considerations in the formation of his inferences. No Englishman, for example, would allow himself to be as much influenced by the imprecatory Psalms, or by the precedents of the invasion of Palestine or the polygamy of the Patriarchs, as by the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables, or the Epistles; and the reason is, that Englishmen bring to the study of the Bible the accumulated experience of many centuries, and a degree of historical knowledge which unconsciously modifies the effects which would follow from the full acceptance and unhesitating application to contemporary circumstances of the theories which most of them profess upon the subject. This would certainly not be the case with the Chinese, and the history of the Taeping rebels proves it. The Bible is put into their hands as a whole, and with, at best, only the scantiest information as to the different times and circumstances in which the various books of which it is composed were written. Interpreting it in the light of the theories in which they have been so sedulously educated, they could not be expected to avoid the monstrous errors into which they fell. We, by the help of custom, tradition, and experience, can distinguish between the Old and New Testaments, but it is almost impossible for them to do so. We can see, in a single expression like our Lord's observation, that Moses allowed unrestricted liberty of divorce to the Jews "for the hardness of their hearts," a principle which throws the widest light over the whole relation of the two dispensations; but to a man who took all his views of Christianity simply from the Bible, and who brought to its interpretation no other assistance than Confucianism could give him, that verse, and many others of similar tenour, would present nothing very remarkable. He would, as we do, dwell upon what seemed to fall in with his general view of life, and either gloss over or explain away what contradicted it; and thus he would draw for his own use what we should consider the strangest and most horrible consequences from what we regard as divine truth. How far the Roman Catholic converts differ from the rest of the population, Mr. Edkins, of course, had little opportunity of judging; but he saw something of them, and the state of mind of one man whom he describes strongly confirms the conjectures which we should be inclined to form upon the subject:—

Among the converts sometimes met with are inquiring men fond of reading. Such a person came on one occasion to seek an interview with a missionary. . . . He stated that he had read many Buddhist and Taoist books, although the "spiritual fathers" recommended the converts not to do so. . . . Although a professed Christian, he appeared to believe in many Buddhist legends. He regarded Kwan-yin as a real personage, the daughter of a certain king, as stated in one of the fictitious accounts of that divinity. The missionary, seeing that he was to a considerable extent a believer in Buddhism, advised him not to read the books of that system, but ineffectually; for he said he felt no danger, and wished for curiosity's sake to examine various religious systems.

With Roman Catholic converts, such a temper of mind as this may be kept in check by the authority of the priests, though the effect of the exertion of that authority would probably be to dwarf their creed into a sort of superstition very little removed from that of the mass of the population. But Protestant converts would be exhorted and invited to examine for themselves; and it would be nothing surprising if the mixture of Buddhism, Confucianism, and Christianity were to produce new heresies of the strangest and most unexpected kind. The sect of the Taipings was precisely a case in point; and if any considerable portion of the Chinese should be converted to Christianity, and if it should take a powerful hold of their feelings and understandings, nothing can be more probable than that they will throw it into forms of the most startling description.

These difficulties are, of course, no reason against making the attempt to convert the Chinese, or any other heathen nation. If they were dwelt upon with that view, it would be enough to observe that they would have applied with equal or even greater force to the attempt made, and successfully made, 1400 years ago

to convert the barbarians who overthrew the Roman empire, and to that which was made 1800 years ago to convert the Roman Empire itself. They are important rather as illustrating a particular side of the process of converting a nation, which is usually forgotten, than as proving anything with reference to the prospects of such an enterprise. No religion is propagated by the simple transfer of opinions and feelings from one set of minds to another. They are rather transplanted than transferred, and the new growth invariably bears upon it considerable traces of the soil from which it springs. The Apostles, their immediate converts, and the contemporaries of Constantine, of Charlemagne, of Luther, and of Queen Victoria, may all be described as Christians, but in very different senses of the word; and if either the Hindoos or the Chinese ever entitle themselves to the name, they will do so in a way of their own, altogether different from anything to which we have as yet been accustomed.

From the other point which we have urged—the difficulty of putting the fundamental conceptions of Christianity fairly before those who have taken up views of an entirely different kind of the great problems of life—it would seem to follow that a far wider and deeper instruction is required for missionaries to India and China than is at present provided for any theological students whatever. Before the Indians and Chinese can be really converted, a new race of theologians must be reared capable of grappling with and answering the questions which have connected themselves with theology upon all sorts of subjects and through all sorts of mediums. Mr. Edkins supplies striking illustrations of the importance of this observation. Objections, for example, are frequently made to the Mosiac cosmogony, based on geology. "They must be met," says Mr. Edkins, "by the arguments which are employed against infidels at home." He does not state what are the particular arguments to which he refers, but the argument which practically carries weight with the great majority of people is that physical science is a matter collateral and not essential to the main purposes of a revelation, and that the two are independent of each other. This is at present a vague and ill-defined sentiment rather than a complete theory, and for many obvious reasons it cannot be considered as a final solution of all the questions which arise upon the subject; still it serves the important purpose of quieting men's minds upon the subject, and of inducing them to wait without anxiety for further information. But how can this be conveyed to the mind of a Chinese? In common with almost all heathens, he looks upon cosmogony as one of the most essential parts of all religious systems, and would be perfectly incapable of understanding the distinction which we have been in the habit of drawing (though only, it should be observed, for perhaps two centuries back) between physical science and theology.

This is but one illustration out of a thousand of the depth and difficulty of the questions involved in the attempt to convert a polished and cultivated heathen population. Judging from the level of the sermons to which we usually listen, we cannot think without considerable misgivings of the chances of success in the struggle between our Davids and the Chinese and Hindoo Goliaths. Half a dozen times over Mr. Edkins repeats objections made by Chinese controversialists, to which the answers which he quotes are absolutely puerile, being, in almost every instance, reducible to the *petitio principii*, that if a particular metaphysical opinion is opposed to his conception of duty it must be false—a mode of argument very convenient for him, but singularly unconvincing, we should suppose, to the Chinese.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.*

THE author of *Friends in Council* protests very strongly in this new series against its being supposed that he thinks himself wiser than his neighbours because he gives them good advice. We may ask him to ease his mind on this score, and to believe that his good advice is not disagreeable, and his wisdom not irritating. He has the art of saying things which are well worth reading and thinking over, without exciting any of that disgust which is the natural protection of humanity against officious instruction. The author is a good man, and a thoughtful man, and a well-informed man. But it is possible to be all these, and yet to be a great bore. There is something which he adds to these, and which prevents his readers from setting up their backs against him. He has an unusual share of nobleness and largeness of mind. It is his especial merit that he has the power of putting into a popular form, and bringing home to the minds of ordinary people thoughts which are shaped on a large and varied scale. He will pardon us if, for a moment, we compare him with Mr. Tupper. That philosopher is right, and good, and patriotic, and studious of the popular taste. But he is so very, very small. The author of *Friends in Council* surpasses Mr. Tupper, not only because his philosophy of common life is more true, but because he brings into the discussion of common life the real philosophic mind. And there is a considerable difference between having, like Mr. Tupper, a peculiar jerk in the art of throwing together religious and moral platitudes, and having, like the author of *Friends in Council*, an ap-

* *Friends in Council*. A Series of Essays and Discourses thereon. A New Series. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

preciation of the problems of life and of their approximate solutions. We shall proceed to point out what is in our opinion the defect of *Friends in Council*; but, whatever may be its shortcomings, every one who is capable of judging must allow that this book is up to the level of the most highly cultivated English society—that, so far as it goes, it is honest—that it does not shirk the points which men of educated intellect would be sure to take—and that the general cast of the book indicates a writer whose manner of approaching and dealing with subjects is that which would be natural to all men whose opinion is worth listening to. The book also abounds with merits of detail. But it is not for merits of detail that we chiefly value it. It is because its general tone and scope are very greatly above popular thought, while its intelligibility, entertainingness, and inoffensiveness will be sure to make it popular. To act as a medium between the highest and best thought of his day, and the great number of minds which are on the edge of thinking, is a success of which any author may well be proud.

The machinery of the book is well worth looking to. Probably the majority of readers will have no conception how difficult it is to write imaginary dialogues, in which the imaginary persons are to have a distinct office and part, and in which remarks, all bearing on a common point, are yet made to come from different mouths in an easy and natural way. But a slight acquaintance with this sort of literature will convince any one who reflects on it, that the constructor of fictitious dialogues has two rocks, on one of which he is sure to split if he does not take great care and exercise great ingenuity. The first is the probability that the interlocutors will really resolve themselves into two, one of whom talks the cast-off, and rejected thoughts of the author, and the other talks the thoughts which the author at the moment of writing believes to be true. The author thus seems to be engaged throughout in the laborious task of trampling out his own shadow. The other danger is, that the writer, if he attempts to give any kind of substance to his personages, is forced into such long digressions that he really throws up the scaffolding of a bad novel before he gets to building the little moral edifice which is his primary object. The author of *Friends in Council* manages in a great degree to surmount these perils, and it is because he does so that his book is attractive and readable, even if the reader does not much care for the philosophy it contains. We do not mean that the success is absolute. Among the interlocutors there are two named Milverton and Dunsford, between whom we cannot trace any difference whatever, and both of whom are obviously the author himself when he utters what he wishes to be considered his main and most permanent opinions. There is also a bloodless flirtation and a shadowy giving in marriage in this new series, of which we can say no more than that it was, we hope, a necessary concession to the weakness of ordinary, and especially of ordinary female, readers. If these good creatures can really be trotted through a volume or two of instructive dialogue on no other condition than that of having one page of love-making intercalated, it is right to humour them, but it would be convenient if a compromise could be effected, and they would agree to have double the quantity in an appendix. But if we take the book as a whole, we readily acknowledge that the two main disputants do really dispute in as life-like a way, with as considerable a difference between them, and with as much effect in bringing out the two sides of a subject, as in any imaginary dialogue we can remember. The author has the great advantage of not being personally sure that he has arrived at truth, and one side of a question is often very nearly as true to him as another. He does not make A. talk all right, and refute B., who talks all wrong; but his A. and B. talk each what he really thinks, and A. has only the best of it because every man has a natural leaning to one side of truth, and A. talks on that side to which the author leans. But still neither the author nor A. is ever certain that B. is not really quite as much in the right as they are. The opposition speaker of the book, who is named Ellesmere, has, therefore, a solid basis of opinion to go upon, and as his supposed character for dry, caustic commonsense is well kept up, he gives great relief and reality to the discussion.

The defect of the book is one of those which a critic scarcely knows whether it is his business to notice, for it springs from the very conception and make of the book; and if it had been remedied, it may be plausibly argued that the book must have remained unwritten. The defect is that the discussion is very fragmentary. The subject taken is not treated systematically—it is not thought out, but detached thoughts about it are strung together. Most of these remarks are very excellent remarks, and some of them are remarkable for subtlety and felicity. They are on the level of the best talk of the best men in educated society. But they remain remarks. Sometimes there is really so very little said on the subject professedly discussed, that it cannot be considered, properly speaking, as having been discussed at all. The consequence is that the reader finds it very difficult to discover what the writer is at, and when he recalls the subject and the pages allotted to it, he in vain tries to remember anything that has been said. Biography, for instance, is one of the subjects taken, and it is exactly a subject on which we should have expected a very valuable and interesting discussion from a writer who has shown elsewhere that he has great gifts for biography, and a very just conception of what a good biography requires. But we find it treated in a very disappointing way. What there is, is unobjectionable; but in

comparison with the subject taken, there is such a very little given us. We quite allow that the defect belongs to the plan of the book. Its very object is to avoid the tedium of finished essays by contrivances that shall make it popular; and if a systematic view of a subject is a good thing, so also are detached thoughts good things, if they come from a clear and large mind. But we must not rank the second contribution to knowledge with the first. A thorough treatment of a great subject is much better than a fragmentary treatment of it. It has at least these two immense advantages—it leaves a much more distinct impression, and it makes us feel that the thoughts of the author have, when presented to us, the relative importance which after the best consideration he thinks they ought to have. Detached thoughts may be what the author thinks, or they may not. They are confessedly hints, and we are not sure whether the author might not find it best not to take these hints. It is the discussion on "Government" which has especially suggested to us this remark. It contains some hints well worth considering for practical reforms in our own political system; but we should like to be sure that the author would practically recommend that any of his propositions should be carried into effect. We are thus led back to what we have said as to the chief value of the book. It is an excellent thing that the general public should be familiarized with the fact that there are deficiencies in our political system which men of thought and experience consider sources of grave apprehension, and that remedies of a novel character have been devised to meet them. But those readers to whom these things are already familiar cannot help feeling a disappointment that a writer so well fitted to discuss such questions thoroughly, should quit them after he has given them only a very cursory and fragmentary discussion.

There are one or two questions, however, which receive in these volumes a treatment quite as thorough as is compatible with the space allotted them. The essay on the evils of despotism strikes us as a piece of argument really satisfactory, convincing, and exhaustive. The harm which despotism does to a nation is illustrated in many curious ways, and is followed into many remote but inevitable consequences. The essay also on war is of nearly equal excellence, and puts the hackneyed theme of the calamities and waste caused by war in a new and impressive shape. We could also find many parts of the book to point out as worthy of praise, were praise needed by an author to whom it is so deservedly familiar. We will only add one remark. The author complains bitterly of the harassing notoriety to which a person of any literary reputation is subjected. The scandalous audacity with which the retirement of private life is invaded by the merest strangers simply because the sufferer has happened to write a book, is almost enough to disgust honourable men with literature altogether. This kind of personal communication with an author is an undoubted grievance; but there is also a kind of personal tie between an author and a reader which no author need object to, and the existence of which heightens the tone and enlarges the sympathies of society. There are some books which in an indescribable manner make readers like and honour the author, and feel as if they knew him personally. There shines through them a directness of character, a generosity of temper, an elevation and largeness of thought, which seem to reveal the writer to us as our friend. This has nothing to do with passing notoriety. There are many books of dead men which make us feel in this way towards the writer. If the author of *Friends in Council*, in consequence of the publication of this new series, is annoyed with a new crop of fools deluging his breakfast-table with impertinent letters, and photographing him in every possible attitude for the amusement of the vulgar, let him console himself with thinking that this book will also add largely to the number of those who, without ever having seen him, will count him a friend, and be ennobled by his friendship.

SLANG AND CANT DICTIONARIES.*

THESE are, we suppose, rival publications. Each is a slang dictionary—each presents slang vocabularies, and a list of cognate manuals—a *Bibliographia Balatronica*; and Mr. Hotten's Dictionary, being the last in the field, characterises its predecessor, Mr. Quaritch's manual (which has, however, reached a second edition) as "a silly and childish performance, full of blunders and contradictions." This is a title, however, which it does not quite deserve, as, though somewhat flimsy and incomplete, Ducango Anglicus is, in his vocabulary, generally correct, although the scanty dimensions of his volume are impertinently enlarged by an Essay on Slang, not very original or profound, from Mr. Dickens's *Household Words*, and (with an eye to business) by an extract from Mr. Quaritch's priced Catalogue of second-hand books. The London Antiquary's is a much more ambitious performance, and our general criticism on it would be, that it is either too large or too small. It ought to have gone further or stopped sooner—it ought to have been more entirely serious, or merely have offered itself as a sort of unscientific jest-book. But as a contribution to philology, it has not

* *A Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words, &c.* By a London Antiquary. London: Hotten. 1859.

The Vulgar Tongue: a Glossary of Slang, Cant, and Flash Words, &c. By Ducango Anglicus. Second Edition. London: Quaritch. 1859.

sufficient sinew and volume; while, as a popular record of the existing vulgar tongue of the Arabs of London, it is hardly complete and often incorrect. Cant and slang have their antiquarian and their trivial aspect; but a single manual can hardly combine the two views of the subject.

Cant and slang may be very properly distinguished. The former almost attains the philological dignity of a language, while the latter is only curious as a depravation and affected metaphorical use of the mother tongue, and varies, of course, in all countries. Cant is said to be, in its first elements, the Gipsy, or Romany tongue; but it is nowhere to be found pure, and in every country the traditionary rather than the secret language of the gipsies is largely mixed with elements borrowed from the soil into which it has been planted. Indeed, we much doubt whether cant has not been made too much of in its linguistic aspect; and much exaggeration exists both as to its completeness and its use among thieves and rogues. As far as we can understand the remains of pure, unadulterated cant, it is not so much a language as a traditionary lingual contrivance, of course entirely arbitrary and conventional, in which the ideas do not precede the words; but, when it does not actually borrow from existing languages, it has been formed by the reverse process—ideas and things already named being merely represented by crude, verbal signs which have no derivation. And this distinction should be borne in mind. *Bosh* may be a true Oriental word, though we much doubt whether it is cant in the strict sense of the term, for, unless we are mistaken, its English use is coeval with the popularity of Mr. Morier's novel of *Hajji Baba*; and *alybeg* may be true gipsy for a bed; but *stummox* and *absquatulate* are mere verbal jokes. But, on the other hand, a word may be true cant and yet be in no sense a vocable from the proper language of the Egyptians—it may be either a foreign word very easily detected, or it may be true old English gone out of use. The earliest vocabulary of cant, that by Harman, who lived in the time of Elizabeth—the *Caveat for Common Cursetors*, vulgarly called *Vagabones*, 1573; and which has been copied by Decker, in his *O per se O*, 1612, and by Head, *English Rogue*, 1671—sets down as pure cant words which are evidently English, but had become antiquated, and some expressions which are mere slang. *Booget*, for a basket, is merely the old English *budget*; *darkmans*, the night, and *lightmans*, the day, explain themselves, and are slang, not cant; *patrico*, a priest, is Spanish or Italian; so is *bene*, for good; while a *praunder*, for a horse, is mere slang—as is *stamper*, for shoes, and *lap*, for milk. The combinations of language in cant are often curious. The London Antiquary informs us that the cant for a public-house at the present day is *suck cassa*, pure Saxon and pure Spanish; and, if it be true that any denizen of the New Cut uses, as we are assured, the phrase “to scarper with the feeble of the donny of the cassey,” meaning to “run away with the landlady's daughter,” the Cockney costermonger would be surprised to be told that he was talking Latin.

Slang, on the other hand, has no etymological or philological value whatever. There is a certain curiosity in it, as showing the metaphorical strength of a language; and in this way English slang is fuller, racier, and more curious than that of France. And perhaps there is a certain amount of interest in preserving the origin of slang words as a record of existing manners, and of those strange popular sayings which have a rapid and almost universal popularity, and then fade away as rapidly; but as regards those scraps of slang which *volitant viva per ora virum*, the Cynthia of the minute must be caught at once, for a few years or months will efface the traces of the original derivation. The London Antiquary, as we have hinted, jumbles in a tedious confusion cant, slang, and mere vulgarisms; and in his attempt to explain the ephemera of London street slang he is led frequently into blunders. The Dictionary, however, has an indirect value; and this is as much in what it mistakes as in what it explains. It shows us, from modern instances where there exist historical grounds for detecting and correcting the error, the way in which old glossaries and scholia were compiled. Hence we gain a gauge of their trustworthiness in a kindred matter. For example, an old scholiast on Aristophanes often pretends to explain those queer words which are nothing but the slang of Athens; and his explanations, implicitly swallowed by German notemongers and commentators, only serve to make the unintelligible also impossible to remember. Like the present Dictionary-maker, the Greek scholiast was, we make no doubt, quite ignorant of the evanescent and conventional origin of the flash talk of Alcibiades and the fast men of the time of Pericles; and his portentous explanations, making the obscured more obscure, are blunders accordingly. The phrase—now, we believe, nearly out of use—“Hookey Walker” has (though the present Slang Dictionary is silent about it) an origin which of course a very few years would obliterate; and its present abbreviated form, “Walker,” an ironical ejaculation of surprise, said when a person is telling a story which you know to be false—we quote the London Antiquary's Vocabulary—is a curious instance of the stages and shades of meaning through which a slang phrase passes. The origin of this jargon is this. Years ago there was a person named Walker, an aquiline-nosed Jew, who exhibited an orrery, called by the erudite name of Eidouranian. He was also a popular lecturer on astronomy, and often invited his pupils, telescope in hand, to “take a sight” at the moon and stars. The lecturer's phrase struck his school-boy

auditory, who frequently “took a sight” with that gesture of out-stretched arms and adjustment to nose and eye which was the first garnish of the popular saying. The next step was to assume phrase and gesture as the outward and visible mode of knowingness in general. Hence “Walker” as an interjection of incredulity. Many of our readers remember the saying, so popular years ago in London, of “What a shocking bad hat!” Few know how this originated. One Harris, a local hatter, was candidate for the representation of Southwark, soon after the passing of the Reform Bill. This gentleman's mode of canvassing the Transpontine electors was equally simple and practical. “What a shocking bad hat you have got, sir; allow me to send you one,” was his stereotyped address on his canvass. A curious paper—we commit it to the correspondents of *Notes and Queries*—might be compiled on these strange and current popular sayings. Many, we believe, are derived from the French. For example, “that's the cheese,” and “that's the ticket,” seem to be the French “that's the *chose*,” and “that's the *etiquette*.”

As we have said, the unscientific form of the Slang Dictionary in Mr. Hotten's publication deprives it of all philological value. Cant, slang, provincialisms, and archaisms are mixed in a single vocabulary, and many words are characterized as slang and vulgarism which have already been incorporated into the language we use. Such words are traces of disappearing, yet genuine, English language. We are not disposed to characterize such phrases as “back out” as other than legitimate. *Biney*, for beer, still survives in the Midland counties, where *beaver* from the French *boire*, is still the labourer's mid-day refection. “To make no bones of a thing” is a metaphor sufficiently idiomatic; bran-new, *quasi*, brand-new, or fire-new, fresh from the casting, ought not to be stigmatized with the obolus of vulgarity; “brick,” a jolly good fellow, is said to have the Aristotelian authority of *τετραγωνος αυεν ψορον*, teste Dr. Wynter himself. Lord Elcho has just stamped with the Parliamentary mint mark *sold*; and “Bobby, a policeman,” is derived, not as the London Antiquary absurdly thinks, from “Bobby, an old English word for striking”—we should like to know the authority for this—but from Sir Robert Peel, from whom also policemen derive the peculiar and cognate name of “Peelers.” “Gone to grass” is not “possibly a corruption of go to grace,” but an allusion to burial; “gyp” is not, except in a Cambridge joke, taken from *γυψ*, but is a mere abbreviation of gipsy. “Joey, a fourpenny piece,” we had always understood was a memorial of Mr. Joseph Hume's economy, not “Sir James Graham's” which is the present lexicographer's explanation. “Lark,” as a bit of fun, ought to have been explained as making a night of it, or sitting up till morning, when the lark rises. “Putting in the pin”—which is rightly interpreted as “to refrain from drinking”—should have been connected with the old English peg-tankards. “Cut your stick” is not derived from “reckoning by notches on a tally;” but, being the slang for “be off, or go away,” is connected with the practice of preparing a stick or staff for a journey—an obvious Orientalism.

Among slang terms which display some humour—for slang seldom pretends to wit—may be selected “*wife*—a fetter fixed to one leg,” and “*tightener*—a dinner, or hearty meal;” but we own that we are disappointed at the general stupidity of the vulgar tongue. The London Antiquary takes some credit for being the first to print two dialectal varieties of London slang, one of which he calls the Back Slang and the other the Rhyming Slang. Neither of them is said to be older than the last fourteen or fifteen years; and we much question their authenticity. The Back Slang merely consists in inverting words—thus a house is in Slang a *crib*, in Back Slang a *birk*; *doog* is good; a *dupon* a pound; and *eno*, one. It is, of course, conceivable that some young “artful dodgers,” fresh from the accomplishments of a charity school, might invent this curious infelicity of gibberish; but it is quite impossible that it can ever be generally used among thieves and costers, not only because it requires extreme fluency in spelling, but because it is so utterly unpronounceable. We shall never believe that *storrac* and *taoc* are ever used for *carrots* and *coat*. We are equally sceptical as to the actual use of the “rhyming slang” as “the secret language of chaunters and patterers.” This consists in the substitution of words and sentences which rhyme with other words intended to be kept secret. Thus we are told that *apples* and *pears* is the slang for *stairs*, and *lean* and *lurch* means *church*; while *lath* and *plaster* is the Seven Dials form of *master*. This is, of course, sheer nonsense, and the insertion of such palpable rubbish in Mr. Hotten's publication smacks strongly of book-making.

ROGERS'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

MR. ROGERS is one of the authors who have taken too much pains with their writings. The *Pleasures of Memory* employed him seven years, *Columbus* fourteen, *Human Life* six, *Italy* fourteen; and even after the publication of these poems he did not cease to correct them. In these days of hasty composition it is impossible not to respect so much patience and so much concentrated labour, and well-known maxims would lead us to anticipate that very great excellence would be their result. We believe, however, that in most cases these maxims are erro-

* *Recollections*. By Samuel Rogers. London: Longmans. 1859.

neous. We incline to think that such extremely slow production is very rarely favourable to the perfection of works of genius. Writers forget what they mean to say. Who can answer for the exact shade of thought which he intended to express nine years ago? The author knows as little about it as any one else. If the subject is a favourite one, he is very apt to confuse it with other thoughts which have come and gone in the intermediate period. In consequence, when he is correcting, as he calls it, the work of former years, he is apt to substitute a thought materially different from the original one, and less suitable to the connexion in which it occurs. The first thought, at any rate, arose out of the thought which preceded it in the course of composition. The interpolated idea was suggested by the circumstances of succeeding years. Again, even if the writer exactly remembers what he meant to say, the effect is often worse. Probably the idea is a fixed idea to him—a notion which he carries through the earth, and which never leaves him. In that case the thought is apt to be so familiar to him that he hardly knows whether any particular words convey it or not. All words on the same subject convey it to his mind, and he is apt to expect that they will convey it to others. Especially when he has altered his own words—as in the course of nine or ten years a man well may, in a short poem, many times—he cannot say whether the thought is adequately expressed or not. The very place in the poem calls up the idea to him; and any words at all near the mark which satisfy his ear are very apt to satisfy his mind. Accordingly, a student of the most celebrated poems of Mr. Rogers will discover many expressions out of which a patient elaboration has extracted the whole meaning, and many paragraphs of which the first flow has been destroyed by interpolated thoughts and gradually modified ideas.

But, however applicable the practice of very elaborate composition might be thought to be to the production of very exquisite poems, hardly any one, we should have imagined, would have fancied that it was applicable to memoirs and anecdotes. We might as well apply it to letter-writing. Who would like to receive compositions which had been days under cultivation, and which worthily conveyed the elaborate dullness of patient attention? We may like the schoolboy scrawl, but we are certain to dislike the meritorious theme. Accordingly, the great pains and labour which we are told that Mr. Rogers spent on these Memoirs have been very perniciously spent. He had exceedingly valuable materials. He was in the habit of more or less constant intercourse with the best society in London for about fifty years, and he entered in careful journals what he heard there. If he had confined his attention to setting down with distinctness and accuracy the substance of what occurred on the occasions which interested him the most, we could not have failed to have a work full of valuable information, and exhibiting the sensitive taste, cool sense, and refined cultivation which he indisputably possessed. We could have borne with some triviality, for much of it would probably have been characteristic of the times, and even more of it of the writer. Mr. Rogers has unfortunately adopted a very different course. Instead of telling us that he went to dine with Horne Tooke at such and such a time, that he had such and such a coat on, that he was amusing or not amusing, he has given us selected scraps of his conversation on very many different occasions. We have sets of such sayings as the following:—"Plays and Epic poems mislead us. A leader is often led. He has a thousand opinions to struggle with.—Pieces of money are so many tickets for sheep, oxen, &c.—When a pension is given, or a salary, a draft is issued on the tiller of the soil." Even if the sayings were in themselves happy, they would lose much of their interest from our not being told to whom they were said, before whom, and in what connexion; and when they have, as is the case with the dicta we have quoted, no intrinsic value at all, it is easy to imagine the folly of the labour which has separated them from all extrinsic sources of interest. We can conceive nothing duller than this book to a person who had never heard of Charles Fox, or Horne Tooke, or Lord Erskine. A reader who is familiar with their characters and their circumstances will occasionally, however, find something which is agreeable to him, because his imagination will enable him to supply the attendant circumstances and living details which Mr. Rogers spent some years in omitting.

Mr. Fox is one of the best known persons of whom Mr. Rogers recollected much, and many persons will therefore feel a slight interest in looking over the disconnected memoranda which he has left us. Sometimes the buoyancy and life of Mr. Fox's character almost prevail over the jejune nature of the reminiscence. We like to read the following of the great statesman:—"Very candid—Retracts instantly—Continually putting wood on the fire—His Trajan, his Venus, his Mosais from Tivoli—His attachment to particular books—his common-place book—they keep a journal at home and abroad." . . . "When Francis said that Wilberforce, if it was left to him to decide whether Pitt should go out of office for ten months and the Slave-trade be abolished for ever, or Pitt remain in, with the Slave-trade, would decide for Pitt—'Yes,' said Fox, 'I'm afraid he would be for Barabbas.'" . . . "After all, Burke was a damned wrong-headed fellow through life, always jealous and contradictory." There is something of the simple emphasis of real conversation in these phrases—we feel that they were said. Mr. Rogers observes that his memoirs of Mr. Fox show "his playfulness, his love of letters, and his goodnature in unbending himself to a young man." There

is no doubt that they do so; and if Mr. Rogers had told us the actual details of what happened, they would have shown these estimable qualities still more. Few statesmen have felt so ardent a love of letters as Fox—fewer still have recurred to them with the same fresh gaiety in the midst of a very unsuccessful political career. He thought poetry the "great thing, after all," and agreed with Burke that there was "no truth"—no adequate representation, that is, of great subjects—elsewhere. His insensibility to the kindred art is in contrast curious:—"Mrs. Fox said the only fault she could find with him was his aversion to music. The utmost she could say for him was that he could read Homer, while she played and sung to herself." But we cannot say that the undress conversations of this volume will tend to raise the fame of Mr. Fox as a statesman. His situation in later life was singularly unfortunate for a person who had spent his earlier life as he did. He had passed a youth of fashionable excess qualified by fractious debating. From neither of these pursuits had he acquired—for in neither of them had he an opportunity of acquiring—a great store of political reflection. On these subjects, as he declared in the House of Commons, he sat at the feet of Mr. Burke. If he had been thrown, as Mr. Pitt was, among the details of office, there is considerable evidence that he would have mastered them with real vigour—thought upon them with fresh originality. But he had no such opportunity. The twenty years of his life in which his mind would have been most fit for such a task were passed in Opposition. His views, in consequence, were almost always defective—often singularly so for a man of his ability in his position. We do not dwell on his dislike of political economy, which is curiously shown in these *Recollections*. "We knew nothing on that subject," said Lord Lauderdale, before Adam Smith wrote. "Pooh," says Fox, "your Adam Smiths are nothing." We have no right to complain of a statesman of even the end of the eighteenth century for not having given a real attention to the true theory of trade. Those who then did so deserve great praise, but those who were deficient in it scarcely merit great blame. Lord Derby said he was born in the "prescientific period," and Mr. Fox certainly was so. But the volume before us shows distinct traces of a very uncultivated mind on parts of politics which do not need so elaborate a treatment. Mr. Rogers heard him say—"I always say, and always think, that of all the countries in Europe, England will be the last to be free. Russia will be free before England. The Russians know no better, and knowledge might and would operate on them to good; but the English have the knowledge and the slavery too." Of course such reflections are but childish absurdities.

The reminiscences of Horne Tooke, in Mr. Rogers's *Memorandum-book*, are likewise occasionally curious. His literal kind of wit—set off, as tradition recounts, by a courteous manner and by imperturbable coolness—is not ill shown in the following:—"Power," said Lord — to Tooke, "should follow property." "Very well," he replied, "then we will take the property from you, and the power shall follow it." . . . "Now, young man, as you are settled in town," said my uncle, "I would advise you to take a wife." "With all my heart, sir; whose wife shall I take?" "It is a trait of manners that the 'Rev. Mr. Horne' must have been a young clergyman at the time of this conversation; he did not, as is well known, take the name of Tooke till a later period. We have a trace, too, of his philological acuteness in Mr. Rogers's pages:—"An illiterate people is most tenacious of their language. In traffic the seller learns that of the buyer before the buyer learns his. A bull in the field, when brought to town and cut up in the market, becomes beef, beef, a calf, veal; a sheep, mutton; a pig, pork;—because there the Norman purchased, and the seller soon learnt his terms; while the peasantry retained their own." It is not surprising that a sharp logical wit should be an acute interpreter of language.

If, as is generally thought, the general reader be a person of no information, we do not recommend him to read the disconnected scraps to which the punctilious care of Mr. Rogers has reduced his reminiscences; but any one who knows a little of the principal people who have appeared in England during the last sixty or seventy years will find something to interest him, though much less than he would have found if the same materials had been used more freely and more naturally.

THE CHRONICLE OF MY CID.*

WE purpose to render some account of the last edition of the oldest monument of Spanish literature. The oldest poetical work in any language, apart from the freshness of wording and imagery which we necessarily find therein—apart, too, from that perfect simplicity which is only possible where there is no fear of being thought to imitate—always possesses a certain historic value. And in this respect students of *The Chronicle of My Cid* will surely not be disappointed. The whole range of European literature offers no comparable picture of the manners and sentiments of the twelfth—perhaps the eleventh—century. Besides this, the old Spanish poet resembles Homer in his strength and reverence, in his objectivity and thorough faithfulness to

* *Poème du Cid*. Texte espagnol accompagné d'une traduction française, de notes, d'un vocabulaire, et d'une introduction. Par Damas Hinard. Paris: imprimé par autorisation de l'Empereur & l'imprimerie impériale. 1858.

fact. Unlike Homer, however, he was too careless or ignorant to attend enough to perfection of metrical beauty; and from this cause, as well as from the circumstance that his language seems, as it were, still undergoing the fermentation by which the Romance tongues resulted from the Latin, he has failed to become the lasting delight of his people. Even now, when a true spirit of literary activity is again at work in Spain, it is to a Frenchman, not a Spaniard, that we are indebted for the last and best edition of the *Poema del Cid*, as the first editor, Sanchez, and now M. Damas Hinard, have chosen to call a work which contains the line—

Aquí s'conpieza la gesta de mio Cid, el de Bibar.
(Here beginneth the Chronicle of My Cid, him of Bibar.)

The poem is, in fact, what the French call a *chanson de geste*—a phrase in which the word *geste* (Latin *gesta*) seems used in its original meaning of achievements; while the Spanish *gesta*, like our *geste*, has been transferred from the deeds chronicled to the chronicle itself.

Before we begin the *geste* in question it may be well to remind the reader of the circumstances under which the action commences. These have lately been elucidated by Professor Dozy, of Leyden,* whose deep knowledge of Arabic authors has enabled him for ever to lay the spirit of unbelief as to the Cid's existence, which Masden and other sceptics had evoked. The Spanish Christians held Navarre, Galicia, the Asturias, Leon, Castille, Barcelona, and part of Aragon. As to the Arabs, the glorious dynasty of the Omayyades had ended in the deposition of the Caliph Hesham-el-Motadd. The Arabs of Spain saw their empire split in pieces. Toledo, Saragossa, Valencia, Seville, Cordova, with the territories respectively adjacent, became independent Mahometan States. "In that time," to quote the *Crónica General*, "was the war of the Moors very grievous, so that the kings, and counts, and nobles, and all the knights that took pride in arms, stabled their horses in the rooms where they slept with their wives; to the end that, when they heard the war-cry, they might find their horses and arms at hand, and mount instantly at its summons."† The Cid was wanted, and he accordingly appeared. He was born about the year 1030, *non de potentioribus sed de prudentioribus* (not of *ricos-hombres*, but of *prud' hommes*) to quote Rodericus Tolanus. His ancestors had long been established in Burgos, and had there attained to municipal honours. Nothing is known of his youth, save that he learned to fight and to be generous; for we find him restoring liberty to five Moorish kings whom he had captured in battle. It was from them, and on this occasion, that he received the title of *Sayyid* ("Lord"), or perhaps with the suffixed possessive, *Sayyid-i* ("My Lord," *mio Cid*). He also, probably, served under Ferdinand I. in the conquest of Portugal. This monarch died in December, 1065, having divided his kingdom among his children. With Sancho, one of these, to whom his father had devised Castille, the Cid carried on successful campaigns against Navarre and Leon; and Alfonso, King of the latter country, had to take refuge with Al-mamoon, King of Toledo. At last, in 1072, Sancho was slain; and Alfonso returned, and was elected King of Castille. But the Cid had forced him to swear that he had not been concerned in Sancho's death. Alfonso took the oath, as easily as Louis Napoleon would have done. But he never forgave the Cid for making him do so, although for reasons of state he wedded him to Ximena, daughter of Diego, Count of the Asturias.

This event took place in 1074. Four years afterwards we find the Cid in exile, fighting along with Al-Mutamin of Saragossa against the King of Aragon, the Count of Barcelona, and a Moorish king named Mondor. Reconciled to Alfonso, he helped him in the campaign which ended in the successful siege of Toledo. Nevertheless, no services on the part of the Cid could long retain his sovereign's favour. In the year 1090, being accidentally prevented from obeying the King's summons to aid in relieving the fortress of Aledo—then threatened by the Almoravides—Alfonso not only resumed the castles and lands which he had bestowed on the Cid, but also laid hands on the champion's private property. Rodrigo vainly strove to justify himself. He was banished. But one course was open. All was gone save his brave heart, his strong arm, and the love borne towards him by all true Castilians. He might gather his kinsmen and friends around him, quit the Christian part of Spain, make a raid on the territory of the Arabs, perhaps even carve out an heritage for himself there. This in fact he did; and here begin the remaining fragments of the *Gesta del Mio Cid* :—

Weeping right strongly with his eyes,	he turned his head to see;
Lo the gates lie open,	the doors unpadlocked be:
The perches empty, the goshawks	gone, the falcons free,
Gone his furs and mantles,	and his gear of chivalry.
Sighed my Cid, for many	great cares he had to dree;
Said my Cid—he spake	well and right measuredly—
"This my evil foemen	have done to mine and me—
Lord Father, who art on high,	thanks for this to Thee."

* *Recherches sur l'Histoire Politique et Littéraire de l'Espagne pendant le moyen Age.* Par R. P. A. Dozy. T. 1. Leyde. 1849.

† This translation is cited from Mr. Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, i. 9, a book to the excellence of which we are glad to have this opportunity of testifying, though he falls into one or two mistakes in his chapter on the Cid, stating that the latter was "by birth one of the considerable barons of his country;" and translating, in the second line, *uzos sin cadenas* ("doors without padlocks," *ostia sine catenatis*) "household chests unfastened."

For the sake of literalness we proceed with a prose version :—

Then they think of pricking on, then they loosen the reins,
Leaving Bivar, they heard the carrion-crow on the right,
And entering Burgos, they heard it on the left.
My Cid shrugged his shoulders and raised his head.
Albricia,* Alvar Fañez, for we are exiled from our country.
My Cid entered Burgos.
In his company he led sixty pennons.
Women and men came forth to gaze at him;
Burghers and their wives are placed at the windows,
Weeping with their eyes—such great grief had they.
With their mouths all said the same word—
"God, what a good vassal if he had a good lord!"
They would willingly have asked him in, but none dared,
The King, Don Alfonso, had such great rage.
Before the night his letter had arrived at Burgos
With great precaution, and strongly sealed.
"That unto my Cid Ruy Diaz none should give shelter;
And that he who should give it him should know a true word,
That he should lose his goods, and moreover his eyes from his head.
And moreover, besides, his body and his soul."

The Cid has to camp out as if he were among the mountains, none venturing to receive him. But Martin Antolinez, a hardy lance, not only provides him with bread and wine, but obtains 600 marks from certain money-lenders, the security being two chests filled with sand, and carefully nailed up. It is curious to remark, that though this unworthy stratagem was due to the Cid himself, neither he nor his chronicler seems to have felt the slightest doubt as to its propriety. This is explicable by the circumstance, that the victims were only a pair of mediæval Jews.

The Cid then goes to the monastery of San Pero de Cardeña, to bid farewell to Doña Ximena and his daughters :—

Doña Ximena fell on her two knees before the Campeador,
Wept with her eyes, sought to kiss his hands.
"Thanks, Campeador, in a good hour wast thou born,
Through wicked reports art thou exiled from the land.
Thanks, Cid, beard right perfect—
Here am I before you, and your daughters,
Infants are they, and very young.
With these, my ladies, by whom I am served.
I see that you are going,
And that we must part from you in life.
Give us counsel, for love of Saint Mary."
He put his hands on his beautiful beard;
As to his daughters he took them in his arms,
He pressed them to his heart, for he loved them much.
He wept with his eyes, he sighed right strongly.
"Yea, Doña Ximena, my right perfect wife,
I love you as much as my soul.
Now thou seest that we have to part in life;
I am going, and ye will abide bereaven.
Please God and Saint Mary,
That I may yet with my hands marry these my daughters,
And that [He may give me] fortune, and some days of life,
And that you, honoured lady, may be served by me."

Leaving home and heritage, three hundred Castilian cavaliers join the Cid's banner, and he parts from Ximena :—

Weeping with their eyes, so that ye have never seen the like,
They separate, the one from the other, as the nail from the flesh.

Comforted by a vision of the angel Gabriel (the sole piece of supernaturalism in the poem), the Cid passes the Sierra by night. Next morning "the sun appeared; *Dios*, how beautifully it shone!" exclaims the old poet, who rejoices at the approach of a little fighting—and the Cid takes Casteion. Even so he captures Alcocer, but there he is besieged by three Moorish kings and a large army. Food and water fail him, and he determines to make a sally :—

"Let none leave the ranks till I give the order!"
This Pero Bermuez could not endure.
He held the banner in his hand, he began to spur on :—
"The Creator protect you, loyal Cid Campeador!
I go to plant your banner in the midst of that greatest battalion;
Ye whose duty it is, we shall see how ye will succour it."
Said the Campeador, "Not so, for charity!"
Answered Pero Bermuez, "It shall not be otherwise."
He spurred his horse, and plunged into the greatest battalion;
The Moors received him to gain his banner;
They give him mighty blows, but they cannot shake him.
Said the Campeador, "Help him, for charity!"
They grasp their shields before their breasts;
They lower their lances decked with pennons;
They bend their faces over their saddle-bows;
They go to smite them with strong hearts.
With great cries shouted he that was born in a good hour,
"Smite them, cavaliers, for love of charity;
I am the Cid, Ruy Diaz the champion of Bivar."

How the Cid's war-shout rings in the original!—

Ferillos, caballeros, por amor de caridad:
Yo so Ruy Diaz el Cid Campeador de Bibar!

The poet proceeds :—

All smite on the battalion where Pero Bermuez was.
Three hundred lances are they; all have pennons.
Each of them slew a Moor, all with a single blow.
In the second charge (*a la tornada*) which they made are as many more.
Ye would have seen many lances sinking and rising,
Many a buckler bored and pierced,
Many a false corselet broken,
Many white pennons leap up red with blood,

* Arab. *al bashārah*, "a gift for good news," according to Diez. Observe the mournful irony of this.

Many good horses going without their masters.
The Moors shout *Mafomat!* the Christians, *Sanctusque!*
In a little space fall dead Moors a thousand and three hundred.
How well he fought above his gilded saddle-bow,
My Cid Ruy Diaz, the good fighter!

The battle is decided by a single combat between the Cid and King Fariz, in which of course the former is successful.

(To be continued.)

SIXTEEN YEARS IN MOROCCO.*

WHEN examining the yearly exhibitions, it has often been a matter of remark and surprise that, with all their enterprise and love of nature, our landscape artists rarely enlarge a conventional circle, or seek novelty in the scenes of tropical splendour, or of gloomy grandeur in the far North. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, whose artistic merits have already been acknowledged in this journal, now comes before the public as the author of two volumes, entitled, *Sixteen Years in Morocco, Spain, and the Canary Islands*. In the islands she breaks new ground, and the whole of one and part of the other volume is devoted to them. Being the wife of the Consul, she has had every opportunity both of studying the natural beauties of Teneriffe, and becoming familiar with the customs of the people among whom she lives. We could wish that the scenes she describes may induce some adventurous artist to add the additional charm of novelty to his works, and show us those strangely beautiful mountains and valleys whose volcanic origin presents the singular contrast of terribly barren rocks and lavish vegetation. The celebrated valley of Orotava, where the Spaniards conquered Bencomo, the last Guanche King, is described by Mrs. Murray as pre-eminently beautiful—and to her the beauties of Europe are familiar. The natural loveliness of the island valley is increased by the perfect transparency of the atmosphere, and it is crowned by the snowy Peak, which, towering above all, is sufficient to rouse an enthusiastic longing to shadow forth its grandeur, if only with a feeble hand.

It is rarely that an artist has had such facilities of studying the picturesque as Mrs. Murray, who tells us that—

A vagabond from a baby, I left England at eighteen. I was perfectly independent, having neither master nor money. My pencil was both to me, being at the same time my strength, my comfort, and my intense delight. The month of November had come round, with its fogs, its colds, its white roads, its tarnished bricks, and its blue noses; and as nothing was to be done anywhere in the light of day, the imagination found pleasure in dwelling on the sunny places for which the *Royal Tar* was bound. I had seen its advertisement. Spain and Gibraltar were two of the temptations held out to those who were anxious to exchange the gloom of England, in the early winter months, for the light and sunshine of the lands washed by the Mediterranean.

From Gibraltar the little courier-boat conveyed this lady to the opposite shore, and landed her at Tangier, the Silent City. She disliked the town, and had no intention of remaining there; but in less than twelve months she became the wife of the British Consul, and Tangier was her home for nine years. Her recollections are very vivid, and from her position she had unusual advantages for observing the habits of the Moorish and Jewish inhabitants, being privileged to examine those interiors so rigidly closed to the other sex, and to become acquainted with the painted beauties of the harem. Here, as elsewhere, being behind the curtain gratifies curiosity and destroys illusion—for the writer's account of Leilas and Fatimas varies but little from those which have crept out in other ways. She gives a minute description of a Moorish lady's costume and her toilet, which she performed unabashed by the presence of a stranger or by the evident curiosity with which the process was regarded:—

The first thing she did was to paint her face with a white creamy mixture, then to connect the eyebrows by a thick black daub of about half an inch in width, the thickest part coming over the nose. The eyes also had an extra tint of *al cohok*, and the cheeks were painted with two triangular patches of pure scarlet, which, from its coarse colour, and the extreme abruptness of its edges, communicated to them the appearance of a badly-painted mask. An artificial mole or two having been added to complete the adornment of the visage the face was considered perfect, and regarded with considerable satisfaction. Happening to hold up a rose which I held in my hand, its hue absolutely appeared pale beside the highly-coloured cheek of the lady.

After regarding herself in a French circular hand-glass with all the delight with which the most self-satisfied northern beauty can linger on her charms, she turned quickly to me, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, asked me if ever the English ladies were got up so well.

To English eyes she looked a "repulsive, bedaubed" figure, and honesty clashed with politeness; but Mrs. Murray bears witness to the beautiful faces of some of the fair creatures who examined her clothes and counted her fingers "to see if a Nazarene woman was in all points made like herself." The young Barbary Jewesses are, we are told, classically beautiful, their alcohol-stained eyelids giving the impression that their pupils are unnaturally distended. It may be a consolation to English ladies to be told, on Mrs. Murray's authority, that, instead of increasing the beauty of a blonde, such artifices, so becoming to black eyes, would in their case assume a remarkably coarse and dirty appearance. She says that perhaps Mohammedan countries are the only ones where women can be assumed to possess in some

respects more liberty than men, for, disguised in the ample folds of her *haikh*, a Moorish lady may go wherever she pleases without the possibility of recognition.

Amongst other subjects the writer reverts to the battle of Isly, in 1844, when the differences between France and Morocco were brought to a crisis. She witnessed the bombardment of Tangier from a vessel which conveyed the refugees to Gibraltar. They left the city not so much in fear of the attack of the French as of the lawless conduct of the Riffians and wild inhabitants of the inland district. Mrs. Murray's house was well protected; but the Riffians broke out into tumult, forced themselves into private houses, and loaded themselves with booty:—

It is well known to every one who has resided in Morocco that the Sultans, who generally remain in the interior, are quite indifferent to what takes place in their outposts. In fact, there is an amusing anecdote current among those who are well acquainted with the affairs of this country, which is understood to be a faithful exponent of their views and feelings on the subject. One of them, on being threatened on some particular occasion with the destruction of a port, coolly inquired what would be the cost of such a proceeding, for, however much it might amount to, he would undertake to do it himself for half the sum.

In recording the splendour of Eastern life—the luxurious habits, the sensuous beauty of nature, amid downy cushions, trellised balconies, painted walls, gorgeous flowers, and graceful architecture—it should not be forgotten that there are counterbalancing detractions, and that, amid much that is dazzling and beautiful, "the other senses are compelled, in obedience apparently to the law of compensation, to endure much that is offensive beyond all expression; for while the ear is frequently startled by the most hideous and appalling sounds, the sense of smell is overwhelmed by indescribably abominable odours that certainly do not come from Araby the Blest." Mrs. Murray began to consider Tangier as a prison to which she and her husband were condemned for the expiation of some unknown offence. Its picturesqueness had lost its charm, and nine years of Oriental life had satiated European tastes; and therefore they were pleased to receive instructions to proceed to the Canary Islands, to which Mr. Murray was appointed consul. From Tangier they went to Cadiz, and from Cadiz to Seville. Mrs. Murray well describes her experiences in that city. Every one has read of the different street scenes in their setting of picturesque Asiatic architecture, and would seem to recognise the startling contrasts as peculiar to and characteristic of Spain. As long as Mrs. Murray confines herself to describing what passes under her own observation, her style is lively and unaffected enough; but she often digresses into the wider domain of general reflection and moralization, when she becomes conspicuously dull, and the size of the volume is disproportionate to the patience of the reader.

Very recently the Peak of Teneriffe was ascended for the purpose of making astronomical observations. Mrs. Murray quotes from the journal of an unscientific friend, who undertook the toilsome journey out of simple curiosity; and very much gratified he and his companions were, in spite of sore limbs and "peeled hands and faces." They descended the crater, where he describes the sickening smell of sulphur and the great heat which caused the soil to adhere to the pickaxe, which, after being thrust into it for a short time, became charred. The subterranean heat was so perceptible that their boots cracked, and became scorched by standing on some places for a few minutes. This gentleman adds:—"During the exercise of the pickaxe I had thrown aside my cloak, as the boisterous wind rendered it very inconvenient, and had kept on only a light jacket, without feeling more cold than before; but on now endeavouring to take a pencil from my pocket, with which to sketch the interior of the caldron, I was unable to do so from my hands being benumbed to a degree I had never before experienced. Even suffering from the rarity of the atmosphere as some of the party did, they were rewarded for spending a night on the Peak by seeing the sun rise at 'La Rambleta,' the elevation of which is 11,680 feet, and from whence they watched the valleys and glens, according to their size, illuminated by the coming day." Baron Humboldt states the anticipation of sunrise to be 12' 55"—that being the interval between the time of its being visible on the Peak and on the plain.

Mrs. Murray says it is the misfortune of the country that so much that is grand, beautiful, magnificent in nature is associated with all that is mean, contemptible, and repulsive in man. Teneriffe is prolific in legends and superstitions, which in all countries bear a strong family resemblance and meet a similar fate, popular credulity being abused and traded on by the more enlightened priesthood. The history of the Canaries is that of most countries conquered by the Spaniards. The Fortunate Islands, as they were originally called, became known in Europe about the year 1334, by a French ship being driven on their shores by a storm. Upon this discovery a Spanish nobleman procured a grant of them, with the title of King, from Pope Clement VI., upon condition that he would cause the Gospel to be preached to the natives. History has not forgotten to record how the altars of peace were founded on shores crimsoned with the blood of the peaceful, trusting aborigines, the only traces of whom are now to be found in sepulchral caverns, where mummies are deposited in layers, in a kneeling position, and are, even now, in per-

* *Sixteen Years in Morocco, Spain, and the Canary Islands*. By Mrs. Elizabeth Murray. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1859.

fect preservation. Various were the attempts made to subdue the fearless, warlike Guanches, and innumerable expeditions to the islands were made by French and Spaniards, excited by avarice, concealed under the cloak of religion. By treachery and superior skill, after a struggle of seventy-nine years, Grand Canary submitted to the Spanish general. The conquest of the other islands followed, and as a natural consequence the natives were rapidly exterminated, and their language lost. According to the existing records, the inhabitants of the islands differed in character, religion, appearance, and habits. Mrs. Murray has appended to her book historical sketches of Tenerife and Grand Canary, and given a brief but interesting account of the manners and customs of the Guanches. She has done good service in collecting and preserving memorials of a noble and extinct race, as well as noting the peculiarities of the present degenerate descendants of the conquerors, amongst whom she lives; and we may hope for a further acquaintance with them in brightly-coloured pictures from Mrs. Murray's skillful pencil.

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At the Half-yearly Meeting of Proprietors, held on Thursday, the 4th of August, 1859, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, the following Report for the year ending the 30th June, 1859, was read by the Secretary, William Nicol, Esq., M.P., in the Chair:—

REPORT.

The Directors have the pleasure to lay before the Proprietors the annexed statement of the Affairs of the Bank on the 30th June last, showing that, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, interest to customers, and current expenses, as well as for the half-yearly dividend, there will remain a surplus of £2921 14s. 10d. to be carried forward to profit and loss new account.

Your Directors have, accordingly, declared the dividend, usual at this period of the year, of 5 per cent. for the six months ending the 30th June last.

Since the annual meeting in February last, your Directors have taken over the business and premises of the Western Bank of London, in Hanover-square,—the transfer thereof having been effected on the 2nd May last. Every confidence is entertained that this will prove to be a satisfactory and advantageous arrangement.

The dividend will be payable on and after Monday, the 15th instant.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, 30th JUNE, 1859.

Dr.		
To Capital paid up	£500,000	0 0
To Reserved Fund	105,000	0 0
To Amount due by the Bank for Customers' Balances, &c.	4,619,102	1 5
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account	£1,165	17 11
To gross Profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts	100,155	6 8
	101,321	4 7
	£5,325,513	6 0

Cr.		
By cash on hand at Head Office and Branches	£550,926	8 10
By cash placed at call and at notice	829,837	12 10
	1,380,764	1 8

Investments, viz. —		
By Government and guaranteed stocks	£462,945	2 4
By other stocks and securities	118,036	11 2
	580,981	13 6

By discounted bills, notes, and temporary advances to customers in town and country	2,859,735	6 7
By advances to customers on special securities	381,008	9 9
	3,240,803	10 4

By freehold premises in Lombard-street and Nicholas-lane, freehold and leasehold property at the Branches, with fixtures and fittings	59,394	1 3
By interest paid to customers	19,165	3 2
By salaries and all other expenses at Head Office and Branches, including income-tax	44,414	10 1
	£5,325,513	6 0

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

To interest paid to customers	£19,155	3 2
To expenses, as above	44,414	10 1
To Rebate on bills not due, carried to Profit and Loss New Account	6,459	16 6
To Dividend of five per cent. for the half-year	25,000	0 0
To Balance carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account	6,291	14 10
	£101,321	4 7

By Balance brought forward from last account	£1,165	17 11
By gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts	100,155	6 8
	£101,321	4 7

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing Balance Sheet, and found the same to be correct.

(Signed)

FRED. HARRISON,
HENRY OVERTON,
JOHN WRIGHT, } Auditors.

London and County Bank, 30th July, 1859.

The foregoing Report having been read by the Secretary, the following resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:—

1. That the Report be received and adopted, and printed for the use of the Shareholders.

2. That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Board of Directors, for the able manner in which they have conducted the affairs of the Company.

The business of the Half-yearly General Meeting having been disposed of, the meeting resolved itself into an Extraordinary General Meeting, when the following resolution was proposed and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved—That the resolution passed at the Extraordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders, held on the 23rd June, 1859, authorizing certain alterations in the deed of settlement be, and the same is hereby confirmed.

(Signed)

WILLIAM NICOL, Chairman.

The Chairman having quitted the chair, it was resolved and carried unanimously:—That the cordial thanks of this meeting be presented to William Nicol, Esq., M.P., for his able and courteous conduct in the chair.

(Signed)

WILLIAM CHAMPION JONES, Deputy-Chairman.

Extracted from the Minutes.

(Signed)

R. P. NICHOLS, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given, that a DIVIDEND on the CAPITAL STOCK of the COMPANY, at the rate of Five per Cent. for the half-year ending 30th June, 1859, will be paid to the Proprietors, either at the Chief Office, 21, Lombard-street, or at any of the Company's Branch Banks, on and after MONDAY, the 15th instant.

By order of the Board,

W. M'KEWAN, General Manager.

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James C. C. Bell, Esq.
James Brand, Esq.
Charles Cave, Esq.
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George Field, Esq.

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EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 3 WM. IV.

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The last Bonus, declared in 1859, which averaged £65 PER CENT. on the Premiums paid, amounted to	475,000
Policies in force	7,618
The Annual Income exceeds	260,000

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By order of the Board, C. L. LAWSON, Secretary.

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